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MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

*Bowery Theatre, New York, November, 1853*

EPOCH THE FIRST, 1715. THE THIEF-TAKER.

Sir Rowland Trenchard, a Jacobite leader,..... *Mr. Stone*  
 Owen Wood, a rich carpenter..... *Glenn*  
 Thames Darrell,..... *Jas. Dunn*  
 Jack Sheppard, an idle apprentice,..... *Mrs. Yeomans*  
 Jonathan Wild, a Government agent,..... *Mr. Hamblin*  
 Blueskin..... } Wild's Janizaries, }  
 Abram Mendez,..... } ..... *Stevens*  
 Charcum, Sir Rowland's servant,..... *Leffingwell*  
 Winnifred, Owen's daughter..... *Rodgers*  
 Mrs. Wood, his wife,..... *Miss Herring*  
 Mrs. Wood, his wife,..... *Mrs. Broadley*

EPOCH THE SECOND, 1724. THE HOUSE-BREAKER.

Sir Rowland Trenchard, a retired gentleman,..... *Stone*  
 Jonathan Wild, a noted thief-taker,..... *W. Hamblin*  
 Captain Jack Sheppard, a leader of a band of house-  
 breakers,..... *Mrs. Yeomans*  
 Joe Blake, alias Blueskin,..... *Mr. Stevens*  
 Owen Wood, a retired wealthy tradesman,..... *Glenn*  
 Quilt Arnold,..... *Lamb*  
 Shotbolt,..... } Wild's Janizaries, }  
 Mendez,..... } ..... *Calladine*  
 Edgeworth Bess,..... *Leffingwell*  
 Rachel,..... *Miss Somers*  
 Rachel,..... *Miss Hiffert*

EPOCH THE THIRD, 1724. THE THREAT FULFILLED.

Sir Rowland Trenchard,..... *Stone*  
 Jonathan Wild,..... *W Hamblin*  
 William Kneebone,..... *Byrne*  
 Shotbolt,..... *Calladine*  
 Abram Mendez,..... *Leffingwell*  
 Jack Sheppard,..... *Mrs. Yeomans*  
 Blueskin,..... *Stevens*  
 Thames Darrell,..... *Jas. Dunn*  
 Mr. Wood,..... *Glenn*  
 Chairman,..... *Jones*

MOB, SOLDIERS, &c.

Winnifred Wood,..... *Miss Herring*  
 Edgeworth Bess,..... *Miss Conner*  
 Poll Maggott,..... *Miss Smith*  
 Sally,..... *Mrs. Dunn*

S T A G E M E M O R A N D A

R. means *Right* ; L. *Left* ; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door* ; S. E. *Second Entrance* ; U. E. *Upper Entrance* ; M. D. *Middle Door* ; C. E. *Centre Entrance*.

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## ▲TIS PERSONÆ AND COSTUME

*Time*.—Early part of the reign of George the Second.

*First produced, Monday, Oct. 28, 1839.*

JACK SHEPPARD.—(1st dress.) Brown coat, long drab waistcoat, black velvet breeches, carpenter's apron, black wig, three-cornered black hat. (2nd dress.) Brown figured velvet coat silver-laced, white silk figured waistcoat, black smalls, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, feathered hat. (3rd dress.) Scarlet hunting coat, trimmed with gold lace, high boots, and feathered hat. (4th dress.) Fac-simile of second—not so good.....

*Mrs. Keely.*

JONATHAN WILD.—(1st dress.) Light brown coat, blue long waistcoat, gold edges and holes, light grey smalls, light brown George wig, black three-cornered hat, shoes and buckles. (2nd dress.) Large crimson coat, steel buttons, flowered waistcoat, large white cravat, large boots. (3rd dress.) Dark brown coat, and black smalls.....

*Mr. Lyon.*

BLUESKIN.—(1st dress.) Shabby light snuff-colored jacket, long black and buff striped waistcoat, light velvet smalls, high black boots, black wig, and three-cornered black hat. (2nd dress.) Large crimson coat, steel buttons, handsome flowered waistcoat, large white cravat, [fac-simile for Jonathan Wild.] (3rd dress.) Same as first.....

*Mr. P. Bedford*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND COSTUME.

OWEN WOOD.—(1st dress.) Plum-colored coat, gilt buttons, black smalls, old grey silk waistcoat, large shawl cravat, black George wig, three-cornered black hat. (2nd dress.) Fac-simile, coat ragged. (3rd dress.) Drab coat, gilt buttons, silk flowered vest. (4th dress.) Purple damask dressing gown, cap to match. } *Mr. Wilkinson.*

DARRELL.—Large brown cloak, green coat, laced waistcoat black smalls, high boots, black wig, and three-cornered hat. } *Mr. J. F. Saville.*

THAMES DARRELL.—(1st dress.) Plain brown coat, grey waistcoat, leather smalls, shoes and buckles, black wig, and three-cornered hat. (2nd dress.) Green laced coat, white kersey waistcoat, laced buff smalls, ruffles, feathered hat, high boots, sword, hanger, &c. } *Mr. E. H. Butler.*

SIR CECIL.—Sky-blue suit, silver holes and buttons, high boots, black wig, and three-cornered black hat. } *Mr. Freeborn.*

SIR. ROWLAND TRENCHARD.—(1st dress.) Rich suit of crimson velvet, white silk stockings, black, shoes and buckles, and black wig. (2nd dress.) Plum-colored coat, gold holes, blue damask waistcoat richly embroidered, smalls to match coat, and high boots. (3rd dress.) Change waistcoat, gold holes. } *Mr. Maynard.*

KNEEBONE.—(1st dress.) Green coat, green shawl, waistcoat, narrow gold lace, black smalls, and high boots. (2nd dress.) Crimson coat, drab damask waistcoat, shoes and buckles. (3rd dress.) Amber silk damask dressing gown lined with crimson, crimson velvet cap, &c. } *Mr. H. Bewerly.*

SHOTBOLT.—Snuff-colored coat and waistcoat, black smalls, shoes and buckles, and black wig. } *Mr. Wright.*

QUILT ARNOLD.—Blue coat, scarlet waistcoat gold laced, buff smalls, black wig, and three-cornered black hat. (2nd dress.) Change wig—a brown one. } *Mr. King.*

ONE-EYED SAM.—Greenwich pensioner's dress. } *Mr. Yates.*

DAVID PUGH.—Grey jacket, and dark smalls. } *Mr. Cullenford.*

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND COSTUME.**

- ABRAHAM MENDEZ.—Long dark gaberdine, } *Mr. Yates.*  
black wig, beard, and slouch hat..... }
- FIGG.—Snuff-colored coat, white flowered } *Mr. Holmes.*  
vest, black smalls..... }
- SIR. JAMES THORNHILL.—Rich crimson silk } *Mr. Fredburn.*  
coat and waistcoat, black smalls and feathered }  
hat..... }
- HOGARTH.—Plum-colored coat, amber waist- } *Mr. Cullenford.*  
coat, dark smalls, shoes and buckles, and black }  
wig..... }
- DAVIES.—Blue coat and smalls, amber waist- } *Mr. Holmes.*  
coat, shoes and buckles..... }
- MR. GAY.—A blue cut velvet coat, white } *Mr. Yates.*  
satin vest richly embroidered, black smalls, }  
silk stockings, buckles and shoes, feathered hat, }  
and light wig..... }
- BEN.—Scarlet jacket, Guernsey frock, and } *Mr. King*  
blue smalls..... }
- Turnkeys, Watchmen, Soldiers, Mob—dressed according to the fashion*  
*of the time.*
- MRS. WOOD.—Rich figured silk gown [old } *Mrs. Fosbroke.*  
fashioned,] stomacher bodice, white satin apron, }  
red high-heel shoes and paste buckles..... }
- WINNIFRED WOOD.—Plain white muslin dress } *Miss Allison*  
and cap. [2nd dress.] Green silk dress. }
- MRS. SHEPPARD.—Widow's dress..... *Miss M. Lee*
- POLL MAGGOTT.—Light blue riding habit, } *Mrs. Nailor.*  
silver laced, and black velvet cap, silver lace }  
and tassel..... }
- EDGEWORTH BESS.—Plain white muslin } *Miss Campbell.*  
dress, trimmed with crimson ribbon, and straw }  
hat..... }
- RACHEL.—Stuff dress..... *Miss F. Honner.*
- Ladies of Mob—chintz dresses according to the time.*
- FALTY.—Blue stuff gown, white apron and cap... *Mrs. Gosse*



# JACK SHEPPARD.

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## ACT I.

EPOCH THE FIRST! 1703.—THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

*A miserable Room in a House in the Old Mint, in the Borough of Southwark. MR. WOOD offers to adopt little JACK SHEPPARD. Table, Furniture. &c. A door S. E. L. OWEN WOOD and JOAN SHEPPARD discovered—WOOD with his back to the fire; MRS SHEPPARD nursing her infant.*

*Wood. (glancing round the room)* You've but a sorry lodging, Mrs. Sheppard.

*Mrs S.* It's wretched enough, indeed, sir; but poor as it is, it is better than the cold stones and open streets.

*Wood.* Well, don't despair; when things are at the worst, they'll mend. Take my word for it, your troubles are over; besides, it is sinful to repine while you have a child like that to comfort you. *(stooping to look at the infant in MRS SHEPPARD'S arms)* Lord help me, he's the very image of his father!—like carpenter, like chips.

*Mrs S. (shuddering)* That likeness is the chief cause of my misery; were it not for that, he would indeed be a blessing and a comfort to me. But when I look upon his innocent face, and see how like he is to his father—when

I think of that father's shameful ending and recollect how free from guilt *he* once was, despair will come over me, and I pray that he may die, rather than be exposed to his father's temptations, and meet that father's fate.

*Wood.* (*with a sigh*) Ah, Mrs Sheppard, marriage and hanging go by destiny. Now, I've a proposal to make to you (*sitting down*) concerning this babby of yours, and I've crossed the water, from Wych-street, to seek you, and to name it. Your husband, Tom Sheppard, was one of my best workmen. Let what has passed be forgotten; and I'll take care of your child for you; and if he turns out an honest lad, I'll stand by him as long as he lives. I'll teach him my trade, and make a man of him; and of all crafts, Mrs Sheppard, depend upon it, to be an honest man is the master-craft.

[*MRS SHEPPARD hangs her head and presses her child to her breast.*

*Wood.* Well, what say? I've no son of my own. Shall I take the babby home at once?

*Mrs S.* I cannot part with him, indeed—indeed I cannot. I have neither father, mother, brother, sister, nor husband—I've only him. Give me till to-morrow, and if I can bring myself to part with him, you shall have him without another word.

*Wood.* Well, of course, take time to consider of it—it's not an offer that I'm likely to make, or you're likely to receive, every day in the year.

*Mrs S.* Don't be angry with me, sir. I know I am undeserving your bounty; but if I were to tell you what hardships I have undergone—to what frightful extremities I have been reduced, to earn a scanty subsistence for this child's sake—if you knew (and heaven grant you may be spared the knowledge!) how much affliction sharpens love, and how much more dear to me my child has become for every sacrifice I have made for him, I am sure you would pity rather than reproach me for my unwillingness to part with him.

*Wood.* Ah, true—true. And I'm an old brute to be sulky with you for not jumping at my proposal. Well, well; a time may come when this little chap will *need* my aid; and depend upon it, he shall never want a friend in Owen Wood. Good night, Mrs Sheppard. I must be going; I've staid

here too long already. You shall hear from me to-morrow.

*WOOD is going. MRS SHEPPARD rises.*

*Mrs S.* Stay, I've just recollected that my husband left a key with me, which he charged me to give you when I could find an opportunity.

*Wood.* A key! I lost a very valuable one some time ago.

*Mrs S.* It's a small key with curiously-fashioned wards.

*Wood.* It's mine, I'll be sworn.

*Mrs S.* Shall I fetch it for you, sir?

*Wood.* By all means.

*Mrs S.* I must trouble you to hold the child, then, for a minute, while I run up to the garret where I have hidden it for safety.

[*MRS SHEPPARD places the child in WOOD'S arms—takes the candle, and goes off, L. D. Stage half dark.*]

*Wood.* Poor thing, she has seen better days and better circumstances than ever she'll see again. Strange, I never could learn her history. My journeyman, Tom Sheppard, was always a close file, and would never tell whom he married; however, she was much too good for him, and was never meant to be Tom's wife. (*Dangling the infant*) Poor little thing!—I'll bring you up, and make a carpenter of you, eh! my little gimblet? Now, don't cry. Mrs Sheppard, make haste, the babby wants you! Now, none of your tricks, you villain! What a time she's hunting for the key. Mrs Sheppard, it's impossible I can hold the babby any longer! (*Music, piano*) HoHo! there's some one coming up stairs. Who can it be?—none of those rascally minters I hope. (*Music, forte.*)

*DARRELL, enveloped in a horseman's cloak, rushes on, L. D. He glances hastily round the room—listens at the door—produces a child from beneath his cloak—places it in WOOD'S arms—takes off his cloak, and fastens it round WOOD'S throat.*

*Dar.* By heavens, you've an infant there already.

*Wood.* (*Astonished.*) To be sure I have, and you have all most smothered it with your brat.

[*Voices, as in pursuit, heard in the distance.*]



*Dar.* Ha!—not a moment to be lost. Give me my precious charge.

*Wood.* Take it, or mine will be suffocated.

[*DARRELL takes the child again from WOOD.*]

*Dar.* I am pursued by those who have sworn to destroy both this babe and myself! Conceal me, and will I reward you.

*Wood.* Much obliged to you: in your cloak I shall be taken for you——

*Dar.* Your name? Fear not——

*Wood.* Owen Wood. Now, sir, yours?

*Dar.* Darrell.

*Wood.* Darrell! [*Voices heard again, nearer.*]

*Dar.* Hark! I hear the tramp of my pursuers. If you are discovered answer no question, as you value your life. Where can I escape? I have been seen to enter here——

*Wood.* (*pointing to F. E. R.*) You see that window—force it open. You can then step on the roof of some low houses, and gain the street. Quick, quick.

[*Music.* *DARRELL runs off, F. E. R.*]

*SIR CECIL enters L. D., a drawn sword in his hand. He looks round as if in pursuit of some one—he sees WOOD crouching in a corner, rushes up to him, and seizes him by the throat.*

*Sir C.* Lights here. This way—I have him!

*Enter SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD, DAVIES, and four servants with torches.—Stage light.*

*Wood.* Mur—der!

*Sir C.* (*Regarding WOOD.*) Damnation! This is *not the villain.*

*Sir R.* How comes this cloak on this knave's shoulders?

*Sir C.* (*Still throttling WOOD*) Where is the person from whom you received this mantle? Speak.

*Wood.* How can I speak if you throttle me?

*Sir C.* (*Seeing the child.*) Ha! a child! We are not wholly at fault; the dog-fox cannot be far off since the cub is found.

(*SIR CECIL endeavors to take the child from WOOD.*)

*Sir C.* Give me the bastard.

*Wood.* I won't—I'll die first. Joan! Joan! I shall be murdered, and so will the baby.

*Sir R.* Knock him on the head, or we will have a rescue!

*Sir C.* Yield up the babe, villain. Davies, get a noose ready, and strangle the babe on the spot. Yield up the babe!

[*Struggling with Wood.*]

*Wood.* I'll see you damned first; no one shall have it but its mother. Help!—Mrs. Sheppard!

[*Wood gets L. D., and bawls aloud.*]

Help! rescue!—bum-bailiffs! Help!—Mrs Sheppard!

*Enter MRS. SHEPPARD, L. D. who drops a key as she enters.*

*Wood.* Take the child. [*Giving the child to MRS. SHEPPARD*]

*Mrs S.* What is the matter?

[*MRS SHEPPARD takes the child from WOOD, and disappears L. D., WOOD guarding the door-way.*]

*Wood.* (*Loudly*) Help!—rescue.

[*Distant horns and shouts heard.*]

*Sir R.* Ha! This fellow's clamor will bring down the whole hord of jail-birds and cut-throats of the Mint about our ears. Knock him down!—brain him!

[*DAVIES seizes WOOD and overthrows him. At that moment the noise of horns and shouts comes nearer.*]

*Wood.* (*On the ground*) Look to your own safety—the minters are coming. I'll swear you are bum-bailiffs, and they'll tear you to pieces.

[*SIR ROWLAND, SIR CFCIL, and party go off, L. D.*]

*Wood.* (*Calling at the door*) Hide yourself, Mrs Sheppard, the garret—the coal celler—any where! Oh, Lord! oh Lord!—my poor little carpenter had nearly been murdered in mistake. (*Falls in the chair.*)

[*Music.—The noise of horns and shouts of voices are now long and loud, as BAPTIST, KETTLEBY, the MASTER OF THE MINT, the LONG DROVER of the Borough Market, and a mob of wo-*]

*men and men armed with bludgeons, some carrying saucerpans with stones in them, which they rattle; others with bladders on sticks, torches, hatchets, pickaxes, &c. &c.; and all enter yelling, howling, and surrounding WOOD, the mob entirely filling the stage.*

*All.* Where are the lurchers—where are they? Hoo! whoo! hoy! whoo! Now for the traps——

*Wom.* The shoulder-clappers!

*Men.* The ban-dogs!

*All.* Buzza! Where are they?—whooh!

[*A noise of whistling, yelling, shaking the saucerpans, &c.*

*Wood.* (*Bawling*) I don't understand you, gentlemen—I don't understand you.

*Enter* BLUESKIN, R. D.

*Blu.* Holloa, here! What's this contumelious clatter about? You frighten the cull out of his senses; he don't understand our lingo—how should he? Let me talk gently and softly to him. (*To Wood*) Holloa, my rum-cull! Rot you, have you lost your tongue? Curse you, where are the bailiffs? Devil seize you, why don't you speak? you could bawl loud enough a moment ago——

*Enter* JONATHAN WILD, L.D., *a dark lanthorn in his hand.*

*Jon.* Silence, Blueskin; let me have a word with him. Now, sir. (*To Wood.*)

*Dro.* Aye, aye, let Jonathan kimbo the cove; he's got the gift of the gab.

*All.* Aye, aye—

*Jon.* Silence.

*Blu.* (*Knocking two of the men down*) Silence.

*Jon.* (*To Wood*) Now, sir, who were the parties that were here just now? When you called out "arrest!" were they bailiffs?

*Wood.* Not that I know of

*Jon.* Then I presume you have not been arrested.

*Wood.* (*Firmly*) I have not.

*Jon.* Then why have you occasioned this disturbance?

*Blu.* Aye, why?

*Jon.* Silence, Blueskin.

*Wood.* Because a child's life was threatened by those persons. I was nursing poor Mrs Sheppard's babby, when a strange gentleman came in, and threw another child into my arms. He said he was pursued, and both his life and the child's were in danger.

*Jon.* And contrived that you and yours might be taken for him and his, while he escaped?

*Wood.* Exactly so. Then I called out "arrest!" and "murder!"

*Blu.* Indeed! And so we're to be summoned from our beds and snug fire-sides because a kid happens to squall! By the soul of my grandmother, but this is good.

*Jon.* Answer, truly, sir. No bailiffs are allowed in the Mint; no one can be arrested here. Is your person in danger? and do you claim the privileges of this place?

*Wood.* I owe no man a farthing.

*Blu.* Then down with dues for bringing us here unnecessarily. Come, post the cole.

*All.* Aye, aye!

*Wood.* I've no money about me.

*Ket.* What! a sham arrest. To the pump with him!—it is the law of that place.

*All.* To the pump! to the pump!

*Blu.* He shall go through the whole course unless he comes down. We'll lather him with mud, shave him with a rusty razor, and drench him with aqua-pompaginis.

*All.* To the pump! to the pump!

[*They repeat their noises, seizing and bearing WOOD off L. D., headed by BLUESKIN—Stage quite dark when MINTERS are off. —JONATHAN WILD remains—he opens his dark lanthorn and surveys the room.*]

*Jon.* Holloa, what's this?—a key. (*Taking up the key that Mrs SHEPPARD had let fall*) Never throw away a chance!—who knows but this key may open a golden lock one of these days (*Puts the key in his pocket*) Ha, ha!—Devilish strange, queer business!—capital trick of the cull in the cloak, to make another person's brat stand the brunt for his own. I saw the bloods in pursuit. Won't do, though. He must be a sly fox to get out of the Mint without my knowledge. I've

a shrewd guess where he's taken refuge ; but I'll ferret him out. These bloods will pay well for his capture ; if not he'll pay well to get out of their hands—so I'm safe either. He came in here : he couldn't go out, at least by the street entrance. He can't be far off. I know these premises well ; drunken Paul Grove made me familiar with them (*takes a pistol from his pocket*) now to ukennel my fox ! [*He goes off*]  
F. E. R.

SCENE II.—*The Loft.*

[*Stage quite dark—JONATHAN WILD discovers DARRELL in the Loft—Music—DARRELL appears up a trap, the child in his arms, his sword drawn.*]

*Dar.* Surely in this loft I can remain for a time secure. So, Sir Rowland Trenchard and his cousin have sworn the destruction of me and my child ! Poor Aliva !—our love has indeed been a fatal thing for you. Well, let me but escape this pursuit, and we'll seek some better place of security far away. Ha ! (*Looks down the trap*) A figure ! I am followed—fairly caught. I have no means of escape from this place. Courage. I'll sell my life dearly if it must be sold.

[*JONATHAN WILD appears up the trap.—DARRELL retreats into the l. corner.—WILD discovers, by means of his lanthorn, and levels his pistol at him standing half way up the trap.*]

*Jon.* Your servant, sir.

*Dar.* Who are you ?

*Jon.* A friend.

*Dar.* How do I know you are a friend ?

*Jon.* What should I do here alone if I were an enemy ? Your life and that of your child are in my power ; what will you give me to save you from your pursuers ?

*Dar.* Can you do so ? [*JONATHAN comes up the trap.*]

*Jon.* I can and will. Now the reward ?

*Dar.* I have but an ill furnished purse ; but if I escape—my gratitude—

*Jon* Pshaw ! Your gratitude will vanish with your

danger. Pay fools with your promises—I must have something in hand.

*Dar.* Hark ye, sir : I know not who you are. If you attempt to play the traitor with me, you will do so at the hazard of your life.

*Jon.* Your pursuers are still in the Mint. I can fasten you in that loft, and easily direct them to your retreat.

[*Faint shouts heard.*]

*Dar.* What noise is that ?

*Jon.* The Minters ducking the carpenter for calling out "arrest !" when there were no bailiffs.

*Dar.* What the poor fellow I placed in such jeopardy a short time ago ?

*Jon.* 'Twill be a lesson for him in future, and show him the folly of doing a good-natured action. Come, sir, we waste time : reward me, and I will lead you safely from the Mint.

*Dar.* Here is my purse.

*Jon.* (*examining*) It is indeed poorly furnished.—Have you no trinkets about you ?

*Dar.* Here, take this ring. (*Giving JONATHAN a ring from his finger.*) I would not have parted with it but to save our child.

*Jon.* (*Examining the ring.*) A diamond, eh !—that will do. Now, sir, follow me, and you are safe.

[*Music.*—JONATHAN descends the trap, followed by DARRELL.

SCENE III.—*An old street in the Mint.*—*Lights partially up.*  
—*Front Cloth.*—*Shouts heard and loud laughter.*

*Enter WOOD, covered with mud, and his clothes torn.*

*Wood.* Help ! help ! for mercy's sake, help ! Thank heaven, I've got away ! Oh, my poor wife, if you but knew what your husband has gone through this night, you would never let him out of your arms again. Pump'd upon—smothered in mud—my clothes torn ! Thank heaven, I've escaped. Ha ! some one comes - I'll run as fast as my legs will carry me to the water side. Oh, my poor wife !

*Exit, F. E. L.*

*Enter JONATHAN WILD, conducting DARRELL and the child*

*Dar.* I'm sure I caught a glimpse of their forms.

*Jon.* Don't be alarmed ; you'll soon be safe. Get to the water-side with all speed ; go straight on—keep close to the Mint wall ; then get into Whitecross street—turn to your right into Queen street, then you are not fifty yards from St Saviour's stairs, where you are sure of a boat.

*Dar.* The very point I aim at.

*Jon.* Perhaps you'll give me some token, by which I may remind you of this occurrence in 'case we meet again : your glove will suffice.

*Dar.* (*Tossing him the glove.*) There it is. Good night, friend.

*Jon.* Good night. [*Exit DARRELL, F. E. L.*] So having started the hare, I'll now unleash the hounds.

*Enter SIR ROWLAND and SIR CECIL, F. E. R.*

*Sir R.* 'Twas he. Sirrah (*To JONATHAN*) a man passed this way with a child in his arms——

*Jon.* You're right. Reward me, and I'll put you on his track.

*Sir R.* There, then, a dozen golden Jacobuses for you.

*Jon.* Hasten to St. Saviour's Stairs he will be there waiting for a boat to cross the river.

*Sir R.* Are you sure ?

*Jon.* Oh, on my honor !

[*SIR ROWLAND and SIR CECIL hastens off F. E. L.*]

*Jon.* Ha, ha ! Leave Jonathan Wild alone for making the most of a good opportunity. No bad night's work this. Now for Mrs. Sheppard. I'm glad her brat escaped ; I intend him for another fate than being strangled by mistake. His father betrayed me when I planned to break open old Wood's house in Wych street. I never forgive an injury : I told him I would bring him to the gallows, and I was as good as my word ; and if his sickly brat lives to be a man, I'll hang him on the same tree as his father.

[*Exit, F. E. R.*]

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Welsh Trumpeter at St. Saviour's Stairs.*—DAVID PUGH and SAM a one-eyed sailor, discovered smoking.—*Wind and rain heard.*

*Dav.* How high the wind blows.

*Sam.* It will be a dirty night, Master Pugh, take my word for it. The glass has been sinking all day, and a couple 'of porpusses came up with the tide this morning, and ha' been floundering about in the Thames all day long, and them say monsters always proves sure fore-runners of a gale.

[*WOOD without, Halloa!*

*Eh!* that's the voice of my old friend, Owen Wood, the carpenter of Wych-street; what does he want here so late?

*Enter WOOD, out of breath. He falls into a chair.*

*Wood.* Oh, friend Pugh, as you love me, hail me a boat to cross the water, that I may get home to my wife.

*Dav.* Why, zounds! Owen, how came you in this queer plight?

*Wood.* Don't ask questions, but if you love me, get me a glass of brandy and a boat.

*Dav. (going to L.)* Halloa, wife!—a glass of Nantz! and Ben! you Ben—scullers wanted! *Exit, F. E. R.*

[*WOOD sits exhausted in the chair, SAM eying him.*

*Sam.* D'ye intend crossing the water, sir,?

*Wood.* Soon as I can get a boat.

*Sam.* Better not to-night, sir; there'll be a storm.

*Wood.* My dear sir, I must; what would my wife say if I were to stay out all night?—there would be a rare storm at home, I reckon.

*Re-enter DAVID PUGH, with bottle and glass.*

*Dav.* There, Mr. Wood. *Pouring out WOOD a glass of brandy*) That'll warm the cockles of your heart.—Don't be afraid, man—off with it. I keep it for my own drinking. *(Aside to WOOD.)*

*Enter BEN, a waterman, F. E. L.*

*Ben.* D'ye want a boat, sir?



*Wood.* Yes, immediately.

*Ben.* Where too, master?

*Wood.* Arundel stairs, the nearest point to Wych street.

*Ben.* Come along, master.

*Sam.* Hark'ye, Ben, you may try, but dash my timbers if you'll ever cross the Thames to-night.

*Ben.* And why not, old Saltwater?

*Sam.* 'Cause there's a gale getting up as will prevent you, young Freshwater.

*Ben.* It must look sharp then, or I shall give it the slip.

*Sam.* May be not.

*Ben.* I'll lay you my fare, and that'll be two shillings, I'm back in an hour.

*Ben.* Done.

*Ben.* (*To Wood*) Come along master—follow me.

*Wood.* (*rising and paying PUGH.*) Good night, David; once safe home to my wife, and it will be long ere I'm found in the Borough again. Good night.

*David.* Good night, Owen. [*Exeunt BEN and WOOD.*]

*Sam.* I'll tell'ee what, landlord, it's my opinion you have *raly* said good-bye to your friend.

*Dar.* (*without.*) Boat, there!

*Dav.* (*going to L.*) Holloa! some one else wants a boat—a gentleman with a child in his arms; how he cuddles it up and looks behind him. They don't hear. Holloa, you scul-ler! Don't you hear?—the gentleman wants a boat.

[*calling.*]

[*A voice without.* Aye, aye—all right!

*Sam.* They'll have a regular squall afore they get across. D'ye hear the wind? (*wind heard.*) And how the vane creak on old Winchester house! They'l have a touch of it presently.

[*SIR ROWLAND'S voice heard.*]

*Sir R.* Boat there!—boat ahoy!

*Dav.* Holloa! there's somebody else wants to cross the water. One 'ud think it rained fares, as well as blowed great guns! Who's that I wonder?—somebody in a mighty hurry. They seem to be after the gentleman with the baby. They've got a wherry, however.

*Sam.* (*rising.*) Them's catchpoles, I 'spose, arter the gentleman with a writ. Hark at the wind!—if they all get safe across to-night, I'm a Dutchman. My stars, how the

wherries are rocking about already ! There's a few on 'em breaking away from their moorings. Come, David, and lend me a hand, or some of the poor watermen will lose their boats. My eyes, how it blows !—I said so, didn't I !

[*Wind and rain heard—Exeunt SAM and DAVID*

SCENE V.—*Old London Bridge—The starling of the bridge—The storm.*

[*Music.—The stage is quite dark.—The River is swelling and dashing against the starling.—Wind and rain.—WOOD's boat shoots by the starling, and is capsized.—WOOD clings to the starling—the waterman sinks—the boat disappears.—WOOD gains a place of safety on the starling—seizes one of the oars of his boat which he retains.*

Wood. Help ! help !—where am I ? The boat's gone down !—the man's drowned ! Help ! (*clinging to the starling.*

[*A pistol shot is heard.*

What ! ah ! there's a man overboard from the other boat. Some one has shot him from a wherry.

[*DARRELL appears in the river the child in his arms.*

Dar. Help !—save me ! My child !

Wood. (*leaning from the starling.*) Here this way—seize this oar.

Dar. First take the child.

DARRELL seizes hold of the oar, and hands the child towards WOOD, who takes it, but in the action relinquishes his hold of the skull.—DARRELL disappears with a loud cry.

Wood. He has sunk ! Oh, what a night ! What shall I do ?—we shall all be drowned.

[*A stack of chimneys fall from the Bridge, and dash against the starlings—tiles, &c., are seen flying about.*

We shall be dashed to pieces. Help ! oh, help !

[*The river rises high.—WOOD clings to the starling, holding the child firmly in his arms—the water almost covers him—he is seen to ascend the arch. A light appears in a small window like the port-hole of a ship at the summit of the arch.—WOOD is heard crying for help.—The window is broken open, and a rope ladder with a lighted horn lantern attached to it, is let down.—WOOD is seen ascending it with the child in his arms; he gains the window; the child is taken in; and as he prepares to enter, the drops descend amidst a shower of tiles, bricks and stones*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.\*

EPOCH THE SECOND, 1715.—THE IDLE APPRENTICE.

A SUPPOSED LAPSE OF TWELVE YEARS SINCE THE FIRST ACT.

SCENE I.—WOOD'S workshops in Wych Street, Drury Lane, the name on the beam.—JACK SHEPPARD is discovered on a stool carving the last letter of his name on a cross-beam.—Some planks are on the T. E. R. that cover in the entrance door

*Jack.*—SONG—"THE NEWGATE STONE."

When Claude Duval was in Newgate thrown,  
He carved his name on the dungeon stone.  
Quoth a dubsman who gazed on the shattered wall,  
"You have carved your epitaph, Claude Duval,  
With your chisel so fine, tra la!"

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\*As now acted, the piece generally commences with this scene.

(*Speaking*) This S wants a little deepening. (*cutting the letter more*) Ay, that's better. (*sings again*)

Duval was hanged, and the next who came  
On the self same stone inscribed his name.  
"Aha!" quoth the dubsman, with devilish glee,  
"Tom Waters, your doom is the triple tree,  
With your chisel so fine, tra la!"

(*Speaking*) Tut, tut! what a fool I am. I ought to have cut John, not Jack; but it don't signify, everybody calls me Jack, perhaps I was christened so, who knows?

(*Singing*)

Full twenty highwaymen blythe and bold  
Rattled their chains in that dungeon old!  
Of all that number there escaped not one  
Who carved their name on the Newgate-stone  
With his chisel so fine, tra la!

[JACK leaps from the stool and sits on the bench.—WOOD peeps from behind the planks watching him.]

Jack. There, that'll do. Claude Duval himself couldn't have carved it better. I've half a mind to give old Wood the slip and turn highwayman. (*closing his knife and putting it in his pocket.*)

Wood (*coming forward*) The devil you have! What, you'll rob the mail, like Jack Hall, I suppose, eh, you dog? (*cuffing JACK*)

Jack. Yes, I will, if you beat me in that way.

Wood. Jack, Jack, mark my words, you'll come to be hanged.

Jack. Better be hanged than henpecked.

Wood. What do you mean by that, sirrah? Do you dare to insinuate that Mrs. Wood governs me?

Jack. It's plain that you can't govern yourself; however, I won't be struck for nuffin.

Wood. Nothing! Do you call neglecting your work and singing flash songs nothing? Where did you learn that song I heard just now?

Jack. At the Black Lion in our street.

Wood. The worst house in the neighborhood. Who taught it you?

Jack. One Blueskin; it was that song put it into my head to cut my name on the beam.

Wood. Pretty company for an apprentice to keep; that

Blueskin was tried at the last Old Bailey Sessions, and only escaped by impeaching his accomplices. Jonathan Wild brought him off.

*Jack.* Do you know Jonathan Wild master ?

*Wood.* Why do you ask, sir ?

*Jack.* Because. (*sobbing*)

*Wood.* Because what sir ?

*Jack.* (*bursting into tears*) I'm afraid I've done very wrong, sir. Do you know this key, sir ? (*JACK takes a key from his pocket.*)

*Wood.* (*taking it*) Where did you find it ?

*Jack.* A man gave it to me at the Lion ; he was muffled up, but I'm sure it was Jonathan Wild, and he also gave me a couple of guineas if I'd learn if it fitted your locks, and I've been thinking of it, and I won't do it, sir.

*Wood.* Zounds, it's my old master's key ; it was purloined from me by your father, Jack, what for I don't know, but before he suffered, he charged your mother to restore it. She lost it in the mint twelve years ago, when you were a babby ; I shall never forget that night. Now Jack, mark my words ; you're a very idle lad, and idleness is the key of beggary. If you don't avoid taverns and bad company I must give you up your indentures, and you must seek another master.

*Jack.* I will be a good boy, sir ; indeed, I will.

*Wood.* We shall see ; good words without deeds are rushes and reeds. Give me those cards, (*JACK gives him a pack of dirty cards that are lying on the bench,*) that gin measure. (*JACK gives him a pewter measure.*) I shall throw these out of the window ; now set to work and finish the packing case for Lady Trafford, and take it home.

*Jack.* It shall be ready in an hour, sir.

[*JACK seizes a plane, and works away at a moderate sized packing case on the bench.*]

*Wood.* You can work if you like. I wish you were as good a boy as Thames Darrell.

*Jack.* I'm sure I understand the business of a carpenter much better than he does (*hammering nails into the iron clasp of the case.*) Though I won't say a word against Thames. I'll do anything for Thames.

*Enter THAMES DARREL, L. S. E. R.*

*Tha.* And Thames would do anything for you, Jack. What's the matter, Jack?

*Jack.* Oh, nothing! I've only been catching it.

*Tha.* Don't scold him, father. Shall I help you with the box?

*Jack.* No, no; I shall finish it in time.

*(MRS. WOOD heard without, R.)*

*Mrs. W. (calling)* Mr. Wood! Mr. Wood!

*Jack.* Ha, ha! There's the white sergeant.

*Wood.* What do you mean by white sergeant, sir?—what do you mean by white sergeant?

*(THAMES occupies himself by sharpening his tools on a hone)*

*Enter MRS. WOOD, S. E. R.*

*Mrs. W.* What do you mean by wasting your time here with the boys, sir; don't you know I expect Mr. Kneebone to dine with us to-day. Go down into the cellar, sir, and bring up half a dozen of your best wine.

*Wood.* Yes, my dear, I will.

*Mrs. W.* You've been in a passion—I can see you've been in a passion; serve you right for bringing that Mr. Sheppard's brat into the house, and taking him as an apprentice, and giving him wages too; did I advise you to do all this, sir? No, indeed; you are always acting independent of my advice, you know you are.

*Wood.* No, my love, I am not.

*Mrs. W.* Did I advise you to visit the boy's mother in the Mint, and give her wine and money, and remove her to a cottage at Willesden, and pay the rent of it. Marry, did I advise that? but I won't put myself in a fluster to-day. I wouldn't have Mr. Kneebone see me out of temper for the world. Winny! *(calling)* Winny, my dear.

*Enter WINNIFRED WOOD, S. E. R.*

*Win.* Yes, ma!

*Mrs. W.* Put on your best frock and cap before dinner.

Mr. Kneebone is very fond of you, and I like you to look your best when he is here.

*Win.* Yes, ma!

*Mrs. W.* Thames!

*Tha.* Yes, mother!

*Mrs. W.* You're a good boy, and I like you, and I've no objections to your calling me mother—you always pay me proper respect, and don't make faces at me behind my back. (*turns half round and sees JACK, who is making faces at her*) as that villain Jack does.

*Jack.* Here's the box done, master. (*coming forward with it*)

*Wood.* That will do, Jack; now take it immediately to Lady Trafford's, in Southampton Fields.

*Jack.* Yes, master, off like a shot!

[*Puts on coat and hat, and exit through door, S. E. R. with box, singing.*

"Of all that number there escaped not one  
Who carved his name on the Newgate-stone!  
With the chisel so fine, tra la!"

*Mrs. W.* Oh, that boy . that boy !—I shudder when I look at him, with his fierce dark eyes, and his short black hair, and his bullet head, not like my Thames, bless his long locks and bright eyes. Oh, Wood! Wood! this boy ought to have been our son; and there's another instance of your wilfulness and want of taste. Who, but you, would have dreamed of calling the boy Thames? It's the name of a river, not of a Christian.

*Wood.* My dear, you forget I called him that name, because I saved him when a child from the Thames, on the night of the great storm. [*A knocking heard, S.*

*Mrs. W.* There's Mr. Kneebone. Now Wood, go into the cellar. Children you can stay here till I send for you, and when I ring, Winny, you go up stairs and tidy yourself. Now, Wood, let me see you safe in the cellar; you are so dilatory, come along, Wood, come along! (*she takes Wood's arm and hurries him off, S. E. R.*)

*Tha.* I wish, Winny, father and mother were not so cross to poor Jack.

*Win.* It's strange you like him so much, Thames, he doesn't resemble you at all.

*Tha.* He's such a downright good natured fellow, and I'm sure he's very fond of *you*, Winny.

*Win.* Fond of me, Thames!

*Tha.* Yes, poor fellow, he sometimes indulges in the hope of marrying you, when he grows old enough.

*Win.* Don't mention that subject again, Thames, or you'll make me positively dislike Jack.

*Tha.* Well I won't talk of it any more, and now, Winny, I'm going to tell you a secret. I've made up my mind not to be a burthen to your father and mother any longer.

*Win.* Are you in earnest, Thames?

*Tha.* Yes, I mean to leave this house to-morrow. I feel that I have been dependent too long, and my pride, now that I am growing up, tells me that I ought to scorn such a life

*Win.* Don't go away—at least, don't do anything without first consulting my father. Now, will you promise me that?

*Tha.* I will; and I promise more—I'll abide by his decision.

*Win.* Then I'm happy again, for I am sure he won't consent to your leaving us. Oh! (*taking out her handkerchief, a piece of square cardboard falls out of it*) I should be so lonely without you.

*Tha.* (*taking up the cardboard*) What's this?

*Win.* Oh, give it me; don't look at it, pray don't.

*Tha.* It's a portrait of myself; who did it?

*Win.* I shan't tell you—you had no business to look at it.

*Tha.* You have done it yourself; why didn't you show it me before?

*Win.* Because it's not quite like you!

*Tha.* Won't you give it me?

*Win.* No.

*Tha.* Not as a keepsake? or I'll but keep it till you sketch me one of yourself, which I'll never part with as long as I live.

*Win.* I'll give you something better worth keeping.—(*she detaches an ornament from her neck, and gives it him*) Take that, Thames; it contains a lock of my hair—now



give me back the picture. (*they exchange them*) I shall keep this myself, though if you *do* go, I shall need no memorial of you (*she bursts into tears, and falls with her face on his shoulder*) I—I'd a good many things to say to you, but—but you've put them all out of my head.

*Tha.* Don't cry, Winny, you make tears come in my eyes too—don't cry. (*he embraces her*)

*Enter JACK, D. S. E. R., Tableau.*

*Jack* (*winking*) Aha! I've caught you, have I. (*sings*

The carpenter's daughter was fair and free,  
Fair and fickle and false was she,  
She slighted the journeyman [*meaning me*]  
She smiled on a gallant of high degree,  
Degree, degree,  
And smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Ha! ha! ha!

*Tha.* Now, Jack, be quiet; I shall be angry.

*Jack.* Ha! ha! what, I've caught you, have I. (*sings again*)

When years were gone by, she began to rue  
Her love for the gentleman [*meaning you.*]  
"I slighted the journeyman fond"—quoth she,  
But where is my gallant of high degree?  
Where? where?  
"Oh, where is my gallant of high degree?"

Ha! ha! ha! (*pointing at them with a feeling of jealousy,*

*Tha.* Come, come, be off Jack.

*Jack.* Oh, no, this is the workshop; I have as much right here as you, though I don't desire to spoil sport, not I! and if you'll give me such a smack of your sweet lips, Miss, as you've just given Thames, I'll take myself off in no time.

*Win.* (*with great disdain*) A smack! there, sir.

[*She smacks JACK's face and runs off door, S. E. R.*

*Jack.* Halloa! I'm in luck to-day. I tell you what, Thames, (*sitting on a stool*) I'd give my right hand, and that's no light offer for a carpenter's 'prentice, if that little minx were half as fond of me as she is of you.

*Tha.* No more of this, Jack, or we shall quarrel.

*Jack.* (with a look of defiance) Who cares if we do.

*Tha.* (sternly) Jack, don't provoke me further, or I'll give you a thrashing.

*Jack.* (starting up and standing in a boxing attitude) Two can play at that game, my nabs.

*Tha.* I won't strike you, Jack.

*Jack.* You'd better not, though I don't want to quarrel with you, but who can help being savage, when one sees the girl one likes in the arms of another. (looking fixedly at

THAMES) Well, it is——

*Tha.* What is ?

*Jack.* Very ruin.

*Tha.* What ?

*Jack.* The likeness of your face to a miniature I have in my pocket. (JACK takes from his pocket a miniature in a case, set with brilliants) Look ! (showing it to THAMES) As like as two peas in a pod. Look ! (giving it to THAMES)

*Tha.* Where did you get it ?

*Jack.* From Lady Trafford's, where I took the box.

*Tha.* Surely, you hav'nt stolen it.

*Jack.* Stolen's a queer word ; I hav'nt stolen it, I only brought it away with me.

*Tha.* It must be restored instantly, be the consequences what they may.

*Jack.* You're not going to betray me.

*Tha.* I only insist on your giving it back at once.

*Jack.* Take it back yourself, I shan't.

*Tha.* I will. (he is going, when JACK plants himself before him)

*Jack.* Stop ! Do you want to get me sent across the water ?

*Tha.* I want to save you from disgrace and ruin.

*Jack.* Pooh ! Nobody's disgraced and ruined unless he's found out. Give me that picture again, or I'll make you.

*Tha.* Stand aside, Jack, and let me go.

*Jack.* Not while I've my knife ; you're bigger than me, I won't risk fight here. (takes his knife from his pocket, and opens the blade) Now give me the picture.

*Tha.* Stand aside.

*Jack.* I won't. (THAMES seizes him by the collar.

*Jack.* (*raising the knife*) Leave me go, or I'll maul you for life.

*Tha.* Stand aside.

*Jack.* I won't.

[*Music.*—*They struggle*—WINNIFRED screams and rushes into the room.—JACK exhibits a vindictive character.

*Win.* (*flinging herself between them*) Don't, dear Jack, don't ; if you want to kill somebody, kill me, not him.

[JACK looks at her, drops the knife, and crosses sullenly to L.

*Win.* What has caused this quarrel ?

*Jack.* (*abruptly*) You.

*Tha.* No such thing. I'll tell you all about it presently. Leave us, Winny, Jack and I have something to settle between ourselves ; don't be afraid, our quarrel's quite over.

*Win.* (*looking uneasily at JACK*) Are you sure of that !

*Jack.* Ay, ay ! he may do what he pleases, hang me if he thinks proper, if you wish it.

*Tha.* Go, Winny, I wish you to go.

*Win.* Do you, Thames. (*a bell is heard to ring*) There is mother ringing, I must go up stairs now—pray be quiet, for my sake do.

[*She looks at them anxiously, and goes off, D. S. E. R.*

*Tha.* Come, come, Jack, (*taking JACK's hand*) have done with this. I tell you once more, I'll say and do nothing to get you into trouble ; but, I'm resolved to see Lady Trafford—perhaps, she may tell me whose picture this is.

*Jack.* (*brightening up*) So she may, it's a good idea, and I'll go with you. But you must see her alone, and that will be no easy matter to manage, for she's a great invalid, and has generally somebody with her. Above all, beware Sir Rowland Trenchard, he's as savage and suspicious as the devil. I should never have noticed the miniature, if it hadn't been for him ; while I was packing up the case, I saw she tried to hide a small casket from

him ; his back was no sooner turned, than she lifted up the lid of the box and slipped the casket into it, and I in a moment slipped it into my pocket. I was sorry for it afterwards though ; for I don't know why, but poor lady, with her pale face and black eyes, she put me in mind of my mother.

*Tha.* Well, I'll take it back ; come, Jack, and mind do better in future. (*as they are going, loud laughing heard without.*)

*Jack.* Eh ! I know that laugh ! (*looking out at the door*) It's Captain Kneebone, and two queer chaps, with but two eyes *between* the two. You slip out, Thames, and I'll follow you—go. (*puts THAMES off, D. S. E. R., and then takes out*) Who can those chaps be ? Hallo, they are whispering together. I'll pop into the cupboard there, and just listen to what they are talking about. I'm not curious, but I should like to know what they are saying, though I think I know them ; let me be sure of that, and then I'll after Thames like a shot. [*Exit, D.S.E.R.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in WOOD'S house—Laughing heard without.—Enter CAPTAIN KNEEBONE, F. E. L., with MRS. WOOD on his arm—JONATHAN WILD and BLUESKIN, each with a black patch over one eye, and their chins buried in their cravats.*

*Wood* Now, my friends, as we have dined, let us adjourn up stairs to a good jorum of punch, eh, mister ? (*to WILD*) What's your friends name, Mr. Kneebone ?

*Kne.* The stout gentleman with the odd eye is Mr. Solomon Smith, a highly respectable tradesman, traveling for orders ; the other gentleman is Mr. Jeremiah Jackson, *also* a respectable tradesman, and *also* traveling for orders, and *also*, like his friend, has had the misfortune to lose his eye.

*Wood.* How very odd.

*Wild.* Mrs. Wood is a very fine woman, Mr. Wood.

*Blu.* A very fine woman, Mr. Wood,

*Mrs. W.* Oh, gentlemen, you shouldn't, and before my face, too.

*Wild.* Fine eyes !

*Blu.* Damn'd fine.

*Wood.* She can't return the compliment, can she, eh?

*Wild.* No. Ha! ha! ha!—very good.

*Blu.* No, no. Ha! ha! ha!—very good.

*Jon.* Take a pinch of snuff, Wood. (*offering his box*)

*Blu.* Take a pinch of snuff, Wood. (*offering his box*)

[*They go up, laughing, with Wood.*]

*Mrs. W.* What very odd ways those gentlemen have.

*Kne.* Hush, my dear, they are secret agents from France, staunch Jacobites, friends to the good cause—hem!

*Mrs. W.* I see; persons of rank? (*KNEEBONE nods—*) Noblemen? (*KNEEBONE smiles*) Mercy on us! Well, I thought their manners quite out of the common.

*Blu.* (*laughing loudly*) Ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul, Wood, you're the drollest dog I ever met with, (*coming forward with Wood*) and if your punch is half as good as your wit, we shall have a jolly afternoon.

*Wood.* Now, Mr. Kneebone, lead Mrs. W. up stairs. Come, my friends, come along.

*Mrs. W.* Wood, where's your manners? You must speak to them with more politeness.

*Jon.* Oh dear, no. Wood's a blood, a choice spirit. Ha! ha! ha!

*Blu.* A very choice spirit!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Both.* Ha! ha!—ho! ho!

*Mrs. W.* (*going off with KNEEBONE, R.*) Well, I'd no idea that people of quality laughed so; but its French manners, I suppose.

[*Mrs. Wood goes off with KNEEBONE, F. E. R.*]

*JACK slips on L., sees WILD and BLUESKIN, and conceals himself to listen.*

*Wood.* Now, gentlemen, will you follow me?

*Jon.* Immediately, my friend, I want but to exchange a word with this gentleman, (*pointing to BLUESKIN*) and then we shall be ready for your punch.

*Wood.* And you'll find that good, I warrant me.

*Jon.* You look like a strong brewer—ha! ha!

*Blu.* A very strong brewer.

*Jon.* Loads of Lemon!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Blu.* Gallons of rum!—Ho! ho! ho!

*Jon.* Hot water!—Ha! ha! ha!

*Blu.* And sugar!—Ho! ho! ho!

*Wood.* Ha! ha! ha!—that's the way to make it.

(*Exit WOOD, F. E. R.*)

*! As WOOD goes off, WILD and BLUESKIN remove the black shades from their eyes, and look at each other with great gravity.*

*Jon.* We shall nab my Kneebone now, Blueskin.

*Blu.* Safe.

*Jon.* A fool! He must go over to the Mint to raise recruits for King James, must he!—Ha! ha! and to enlist you and I—eh, Blueskin.

*Blu.* And then to bring us over to spend the evening with Mrs. Wood.

*Jon.* He little thinks that his new subordinate officer, Mr Jeremiah Jackson, has a warrant for the arrest of Captain Kneebone, in his pocket signed by the Secretary of State. However, we shall nail him to-night; it would not have been safe, perhaps, to have made the capture in the Mint, and besides, I have other business at this Wood's.

*Blu.* I know, you're after the boy that we learnt from Jack Sheppard is Wood's adopted son, Thames Darrell, saved by the carpenter on the night of the great storm, twelve years ago.

*Jon.* We must kidnap him, Blueskin. Sir Rowland Trenchard believes this boy dead. I shall wait on him presently and undeceive him—then if he comes down handsomely, I'll send the lad out in a Dutch sloop, and as soon as she gets into the blue water, my commander, Rykhart, shall pitch him overboard. The northern ocean keeps a secret better than the Thames. [*KNEEBONE heard calling, R.*]

*Kne.* Captain Smith! Captain Jackson!—we're waiting for you. Come up.

*Jon.* Now for the Jacobite Captain. [*They replace the shades over their eyes.*]

*Blu.* Ha! ha! Let's make the capture in a mild and gentlemanlike manner: there must be nothing low about us.

Jon. No ! no ! no !

(*Exeunt WILD and BLUESKIN, F. E. R.*)

Jack. (*coming from his hiding place*) Oho ! they're going to nab Mr. Kneebone, are they ? Well, let 'em, I shan't interfere in *that* matter. I *thought* it was Jonathan and Blueskin—what fun ! Mother Wood little thinks who they are—ha ! ha ! ha Now for Thames, I'll after him as fast as my legs can carry me, and put him on his guard. Kidnap him, will they ?—my name's not Jack Sheppard if they do ? what shall I do to save him ? I can't hit upon anything just now ; never mind, I can think as I run, and now for a good scamper to Southampton Fields.

(*Exit JACK, running, F. E. R.*)

SCENE III.—Wood's Drawing room.—*A table with a bowl of punch, glasses, &c.*—WOOD, WILD, BLUESKIN, KNEEBONE, *smoking and drinking*—Mrs. WOOD presiding—*All laughing heartily as the scene is discovered.*

Wood }

Jon } Ha ! ha ! A song, certainly, a song !

Kne }

Mrs. W. Oh, pray do ! Pray, my lord—I mean Mr Solomon Smith—do sing us a song ; something French and tender. I do love a tender song ; one that makes one feel one wants to be doted upon.

Kne. (*squeezing Mrs. Wood's hand aside*) *As I dote upon you, my full-blown beauty.*

Mrs. W. Oh, Captain !

Wood. Now, Mr. Solomon Smith, we're all attentive !

Song—BLUESKIN.

“JOLLY NOSE”

Jolly nose ! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip  
 Are dug from the mines of Canary ;  
 And to keep up their lustre, I moisten my lip  
 With hogsheads of claret and sherry.  
 Jolly nose ! he who sees thee across a broad glass  
 Beholds thee in all thy perfection,  
 And to the pale snout of a temperate ass  
 Entertains the profoundest objection,  
 Jolly nose !

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,  
 And the choicest of wine is my color ;  
 And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hue,  
 The fuller I fill it, the fuller !  
 Jolly nose ! there are fools that say drink hurts the sight.  
 Such dullards know nothing about it,  
 Tis better with wine to extinguish the light—  
 Than live always in darkness without it,  
 Jolly nose !

*All.* Bravo ! bravo !

*Mrs. W.* Beautiful ! I'd no idea that a nose could be put to such pretty use in a song. To sing about eyes is very common, but I never heard of a nose before.

*Blu.* We do nothing common, do we Jackson ?

*Jon.* Oh, no, Smith, nothing ; Wood, is your son at home ?

*Wood.* The boy with the long hair ?

*Jon.* Aye, aye ! the fine spirited lad I have heard spoken of.

*Wood.* He's in the workshop, I believe.

*Jon.* You must let him see us presently.

*Wood.* I will.

*Mrs. W.* Lord bless you sir, he's not Wood's son, except by adoption. My husband nicknames him Thames, because he found him in a river—Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Blu.* (*drinking*) Ha ! ha ! ha ! He'll set the Thames on fire *one* of these days, I'll warrant him—Ha ! ha !

*Jon.* Don't drink, Blueskin, you'll spoil all if you do.—(*aside to BLUESKIN*) And we must grab him in a minute.

*Wood.* (*looking at WILD*) Really, Mr. Jackson, your voice is somehow very familiar to my ear.

*Jon.* Indeed !

*Wood.* It reminds me very much of a great scoundrel that I once met in the Mint, twelve years ago—one Jonathan Wild, thief-taker.

*Jon.* What, sir ! Do you call Mr. Wild a scoundrel ?

*Blu.* (*jumping up*) Fire and fury, no man shall abuse Mr Wild in my presence ; he's an honest gentleman, the right hand of the community.

*Kne.* (*rising*) Gentlemen, gentlemen, peace, I pray you, in the presence of a lady. I am sure neither of you know Mr. Wild so well as I do, and I've no hesitation in saying



that both he and his companion, Blueskin, are two of the greatest villains unchanged.

*Jon.* Indeed!—Ha! ha!

*Blu.* Indeed!—Ho! ho!

*Kne.* Sit down, I beg, and don't let us have words about such a fellow. I hear the scoundrel has become the instrument of Walpole, and does the dirty work of the secret committee. But, we have baffled his schemes—Jonathan's a cunning dog, but can't have his eyes always about him, or he'd have been with us this morning at the Mint—eh, Mr. Jackson?

*Jon.* So he would, so he would.

*Blu.* So he would, so he would.

*Kne.* Let him look out, I've set a trap for him.

*Jon.* Take care you don't fall into it yourself—Ha! ha!

*Blu.* Yes, take care.

*Jon.* (*starting up*) It is time.

(*WILD takes a brace of pistols from his pocket—BLUESKIN does the same.*)

*Wood.* For what, sir, for what?

*Jon.* Captain Kneebone, you are charged with high treason; here's the warrant from the Secretary of State for your arrest. (*showing a warrant.*)

*Kne.* (*aghast*) Damnation! that I should be the dupe of such a shallow trick.

*Mrs. W.* Oh, Mr. Kneebone, (*fainting in the arms of Wood*) are these your French noblemen?

*Jon.* (*to BLUESKIN*) Bring him along, Joe.

(*BLUESKIN advances to take KNEEBONE, who suddenly seizes him by the collar, snatches a pistol from BLUESKIN and levels it at his head.*)

*Jon.* Mr. Wood, you're a constable; you must assist me in this capture.

*Mrs. W.* (*jumping out of her faint and screaming*)—Let him if he dare.

*Jon.* Assist me, sir, or you will be answerable for his escape

*Mrs. W.* (to *Wood*) I command you not to stir, or you'll be answerable to me.

*Wood.* Oh! Mr. Kneebone, do oblige me by surrendering yourself.

*Kne.* Never! And you, sir, make yourself scarce, (to *Wild*) or I'll send a bullet through your friend's brain.

*Jon.* Better through *his* than mine.

(*Wild springs on KNEEBONE—they struggle, KNEEBONE is overthrown—MRS. WOOD screams—WOOD cries out "THAMES! JACK! WINNY! send for help."* *WINNIFRED runs on in alarm, and clings to her father.*

*Jon.* (the moment *KNEEBONE* is down) On with the ruffians.

[*BLUESKIN* quickly handcuffing *KNEEBONE*, who still struggles.

*Jon.* Now, bring him along.

*Wood.* Where's Jack?—where's Thames?

*Win.* They are both gone to Lady Trafford's

*Jon.* (starting) They are?—one job is done; now for the other!

[*Wild rushes off* F. E. R.—*BLUESKIN* drags off *KNEEBONE*, R.—*MRS. WOOD* has fainted off in the arms of *WOOD*.—*WINNY* on her knees in alarm, clings to her father.—*WOOD* is fanning *MRS. WOOD* as quickly as she can with her large green fan that she has used through the scene.—The scene is shut in by

SCENE IV,—A Hall in *SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD'S* Mansion. An uproar is heard without, and voices crying "bring him along!"

Enter *DAVIES* and three *SERVANTS*—one a very stout one—in old-fashioned liveries, F. E. L., dragging in *THAMES DARRELL*.

*Tha.* I tell you I wish to see Lady Trafford.

*Dav.* We've got you safe, my young master. You are an accomplice of the lad that was here this morning with

the packing box ; down on your marrowbones—confess you have stolen the jewel-case—give it up, and we will let you go.

*Tha.* I have not stolen it.

*Dav.* Search him ! search him !

*Tha.* (*struggling*) I won't be searched !—I won't be treated like a common felon. I *must* and *will* see Lady Trafford first.

[*The Servants pinion him—DAVIES searches his coat pockets, and produces the jewel-case.*

*Dav.* Here it is !—found on his person ! Take him before Sir Rowland !

*Tha.* No, no, take me before my lady !—I am innocent—indeed I am ; take me to Lady Trafford, and I'll tell all !

*Dav.* Bring him along to Sir Rowland ! Come along, my Newgate bird, come along !

[*They drag THAMES off, F. E. R.—JONATHAN WILD walks slowly across, watching the proceedings from L. to R.*

SCENE V.—*A Library in the Mansion of SIR ROWLAND TRENCHARD.—Tables, chairs, &c.*

SIR ROWLAND *discovered seated.*—CHARCAM *waiting.*

*Sir R.* What is that uproar, Charcam !

*Cha.* The servants have caught an accomplice of the boy that robbed Lady Trafford this morning, Shall he be brought in, Sir Rowland ?

*Sir R.* Presently ; let me see this stranger, who is so anxious for an interview with me ; it may be on business of more importance.

*Cha.* He is at the door, sir.

*Sir R.* Let him come in.

[*CHARCAM opens the door and JONATHAN WILD appears.*

Leave us, Charcam,

[*Exit CHARCAM,*

*Jon.* Your servant, Sir Rowland. You don't recollect me, I suppose ?

*(Crosses to R, and takes a seat—SIR ROWLAND is indignant at the familiarity of the act.*

Don't disturb yourself ; I never stand upon ceremony—we have met before. Twelve years ago I directed you to St. Saviour's stairs in pursuit of a man and child—now you remember me ! The man was killed by a pistol shot fired by you—he fell into the Thames, grasping the child in his arms ; the man was lost—the child was saved.

*Sir R.* Saved !

*Jon.* Be cool, and hear me. You had two sisters—Aliva and Constance. Constance was lost when an infant by the carelessness of a servant, and has never since been heard of. Aliva is the present Lady Trafford !

*Sir R.* Well, sir—all this I know.

*Jon.* Be silent ; I shall come presently to something you *don't* know. Your late father, angry at your extravagance and your politics altered his will in favor of your sister Aliva—he died. You wished to marry her to your cousin, Sir Cecil ; but you found she was already married to a man, of whose station you are, and were ignorant—that she was the mother of a child, and you swore the destruction of that child and its father, chiefly in the hope to gain the family estate !

*Sir R.* Bring your story to an end, sir.

*Jon.* The Lady Aliva still lives ; she possesses the estate, *you* the title. Your brutal treatment of her will soon kill her, and then all is yours.

*Sir R.* How know you these secrets of my family ?

*Jon.* From your priest—your confessor, whom I arrested yesterday for treason. To gain my help and favor he has betrayed you. Well, Sir Rowland, *should* your sister die, as you hope she may, her son still lives——

*Sir R.* *(startling)* Lives ! Impossible !

*Jon.* He was saved on the night of the storm by a carpenter—Wood, of Wych street.

*Sir R.* Was it the boy that was here this morning ?

*Jon.* No—another, who is here *now* and accused of be

ing an accomplice in a theft ; he implores to be taken before your sister.

*Sir R.* She left town this morning.

*Jon.* I know it. Now, if this boy is discovered by her, where will be your hopes of the estate ! Give me five thousand pounds, and you shall never hear of him again !

*Sir R.* Who are you ?

*Jon.* Jonathan Wild ! I am a man of my word. (*producing a paper from his pocket.*) Sign this bond, and it is the boy's death warrant !

*Sir R.* I cannot—I will not believe the boy lives.

*Jon.* You shall see him, and judge for yourself. (*rises—goes to door, and calls out*) Bring in the boy ! (*returns to his seat.*)

(*DAVIES and the Servants bring in THAMES—DAVIES hands the miniature to SIR ROWLAND, who places it on the table.*)

*Sir R.* (*looking earnestly at THAMES and at the miniature.*)  
Tis he !

*Jon.* (*aside to SIR ROWLAND—handing him a pen, and placing the bond before him*) What do you think of your nephew ? Sign, and in a week his body shall feed the sharks of the North Sea !

*Sir R.* Give me the paper. (*reads it, looking towards THAMES—then signs*) There !

*Jon.* (*putting up the bond*) Now, you're safe.

*Tha.* Of what am I accused ?

*Jon.* (*loudly*) Robbery ! Come sir, confess your guilt.

*Tha.* I've nothing to confess, except that I came here with the miniature to see Lady Trafford.

*Jon.* How came you by it ?

*Tha.* I shan't tell.

*Jon.* Why did you wish to see Lady Trafford ?

*Tha.*) Because I had a thought the portrait was that of my father.

*Sir R.* Indeed ! And is your father alive ?

*Tha.* No ! he was assassinated when I was a child

*Sir R.* Who told you this is his portrait ?

*Tha.* My heart !

*Jon.* Indeed.

(*A murmur without.*)

*Enter CHARCAM, L. D*

*Cha.* Sir Rowland, we have caught the other lad—he that was here this morning

*Jon.* Bring him in.

[*JACK SHEPPARD is brought on in custody of ABRAHAM MENDEZ. The Servants look in at the door.*]

*Jon.* Mendez!

*Men.* Yesh, sar.

*Jon.* Get your rufflers ready, (to JACK) Well, sir, what's your name?

*Jack.* (staring about him and looking at the pictures, Jack Sheppard. [*Pointing to a picture of the Earl of Mar, against the wall.*])

Who's that queer cove in the full-bottomed wig?

*Jon.* Attend to me, sirrah!—do you know this picture?  
[*Pointing to the miniature on table*]

*Jack.* I do.

*Jon.* Can you inform me whence it came?

*Jack.* I should think so.

*Jon.* State the facts.

*Jack.* It came from Lady Trafford's jewel-box.

*Jon.* Who took it?

*Jack.* (pointing to THAMES) That boy—Thames Larrell!—  
[*Music.*]

*Tha.* (startling) Liar!

*Jon.* Enough!—away with them both to St Giles's Roundhouse!  
[*The scene is shut in on the picture.*]

SCENE VI.—*Interior of St. Giles's Roundhouse—a door with iron wicket in one 1-2 flat, a door with large bolt in other 1 2 flat.*

*Enter QUILT ARNOLD and TERRENCE, an Irish watchman, R. A row and shouts heard without.*

*Arn.* What's the matter now, Terry—what is that noise?

*Ter.* It's all bekase me friend, the Markis has given the

watch ten guineas to mend their pates with that have been damaged in a row awhile ago in seven dials.

*Arn.* Well, if he pays for his fun, what more can a reasonable man, especially a watchman, desire?

[*Another shout.*

*Arn.* What's the row now?

*Ter.* (*opening watch-house door.*) By the powers, it's one of Jonathan's janizaries, Abram Mendez, lugging in two striplings by the nap o' their neck.

*Enter MENDEZ, door in F., dragging in THAMES DARRELL, and JACK SHEPPARD, followed by a watchman with a brown bill—MENDEZ holds them in the centre of the stage—THAMES is crying bitterly—JACK is singing and laughing—THAMES is handcuffed.*

*Jack.* Ha! ha! ha!

Quoth a dubsman who gazed on the shattered wall  
You have carved your epitaph, Claude Duval,  
With your chisel so fine, tra la!

*Men.* hold your tongue, you young devil, or I'll shake the life out of you.

*Jack.* Shake away! Right fal, fal, la! Shake away.

*Men.* I've got tight holt of you, you young devilskin. Vat, you tried to make a bolt between my legs, did you?

*Ter.* (*looking at THAMES with his lanthorn*) By the powers, you're genteel looking kiddy. Pity you've taken to bad ways so early.

*Tha.* I'm falsely detained.

*Men.* Oh, of course; you didn't help yourself to a picture set with diamonds—not you; but I must lock you both up for the night in my little crib, here.

[*MENDEZ goes to the door in flat with the large barred wicket, takes out keys from his pocket, and proceeds to open the door—THAMES looks reproachfully at JACK.*

*Jack.* Thames, don't be angry with me, I've done all for the best.

*Tha.* Don't speak to me, Jack, I've done with you; you accused me to screen yourself. Oh, Jack!

*Jack.* Ha! ha! You'll thank me, Thames, when you know all. I'm saving your life. I overheard Jonathan plan your murder.

*Tha.* What?

*Jack.* So I thought it best to get you locked up, till he was out of the way. I'll warrant your escape from this crib before morning, and then get home to master as fast as you can. (*sings*)

For I've got a chisel, a knife, and a file,  
And the dubsman shall see that I do it in style,  
Tol, lol, lol!

*Men.* Hold your tongue, you noisy young imp. (*holding the door open*) Walk in here. Terry, give me your lantern. The place is very small, but you'll be quite safe in it.

[*JACK slaps THAMES on the back to encourage him as he goes despondingly into the room—MENDEZ shuts the door upon them, and locks it.—Shouts without.*

*Men.* Hollo! there's the Mohocks at work again, smashing the lamps and vinders. Away wid you, Terry, wid your squad. I'll take care o' these lads till the guvener comes in the morning. (*opens door in flat*)

[*Shouts again, and noise of fighting—QUILT ARNOLD and watchmen run out. MENDEZ sits on a stool before the room door in which JACK and THAMES are, having previously bolted the door of the Roundhouse—JACK looks through the iron wicket of the room at MENDEZ.*

*Jack.* All's prime—nobody's left but Abram. I knew I could file off your rufflers. [*They are heard to fall*

*Men.* Vat's dat?

*Jack.* My fellow bird trying to get off his ruffles.

*Men.* Ho! ho!—dat is no easy matter.

*Jack.* No, dat it ain't. (*imitating MENDEZ, and holding up the handcuffs*)

*Men.* Go to sleep, go to sleep, dere's good poys.

*Jack.* Never fear, Thames, I'll save you.

*Men.* Vat do you say, you'll shave him?



*Jack.* Yes, I will, and I'll shave you too, when I get hold of a razor.

*Men.* You must get out of your cage first, my little boy.

*Jack.* Get out—Ha! ha! ha! The prison's not built that can hold me.

*Men.* Mighty goot—Ha! ha! Go to sleep, go to sleep.

[*JACK heard at work in the lock of the door, singing and making a noise.*

Oh, give me a chisel, a knife, or a file,  
And the fubsman, shall find that I'll do it in style,  
Tol, lol, lol!

*Men.* Vot the devil are you about?

*Jack.* Practising singing. Vot are you!

*Men.* Practising patience, ma tear.

[*The door of the wicket room flies open with a loud crash—THAMES and JACK, in rushing out, knock MENDEZ off his stool—THAMES unbolts the other door in the flat and runs off—JACK sets on MENDEZ, and tugs away at his beard—MENDEZ kicking.*

*Jack.* Run, Thames, run.

*Men.* Leave go my peard, you villain! leave go my peard!

[*JACK jumps up, seizes a brown bill against the wall, left by one of the WATCHMEN—MENDEZ takes up a quarter-staff.*

*Men.* (*crying out*) Help! Quilt! Terry!—Escape! escape!

[*MENDEZ follows JACK to the door—JACK deals a tremendous blow on the head of MENDEZ with his bill—MENDEZ falls—A row heard without, shouts, rattles, &c. JACK darts out, and the drop falls.*

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Flash Ken—Interior of the Cross Shovels, in the Mint—A door at back with steps—A bar, U. E. R.,—A table on R., with a bowl of punch and glasses on it—BLUESKIN discovered seated on a tub—BAPTIST KETTLEBY, the landlord, behind the table—A group of fifteen or twenty men and women discovered, some playing at cards, dice, &c., others smoking—KNEEBONE is taking a glass of gin at the table—A loud laugh as the scene is discovered—KNEEBONE empties his glass, and rises to go.*

*Kne.* Now, my worthy friends, good night.

[*The noise of laughing, &c., is kept up till BLUESKIN cries out "silence."*]

*Blu.* Silence! while I talk to the gentleman—you're not going home yet, Mr. Kneebone, are you?

*Kne.* I don't like to leave my house too long.

*Blu.* Oh! you are sticking to business now, instead of troubling your head with politics, eh?

*Kne.* My six months' lodging in Newgate, nine years ago, when you and Wild captured me at Wood's, somewhat tamed my rebellious spirit.

*Blu.* Very proper too. And so you are now living in old Wood's old house in Wych-street, eh?—and the worthy carpenter has retired to Dollis-hill?—how is poor Mrs. W, our old flame?

*Kne.* Don't wound my feelings—she, poor soul, has gone to rest these five years.

*Blu.* And her husband's rest has been quite as undisturbed ever since, I warrant me. The daughter Winny must be a fine young woman now.

*Kne.* Very fine young woman indeed.

*Blu.* Strange thing the disappearance of Wood's adopted son, a few days after his escape from the Roundhouse; Jonathan Wild settled his business, *you* may depend on't.

*Kne.* You and Jonathan have quarrelled.

*Blu.* He didn't behave well to my pal, Jack Sheppard—he led him on to be a cracksmán, and then betrayed him. Poor Jack, he's now in the condemned hole in Newgate.

*Kne.* I saw him there this morning, safe enough

*All.* Ah! poor Jack—poor fellow.

*Blu.* How did he look?

[*All present listen attentively to KNEEBONE.*]

*Kne.* As saucy as ever.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Kne.* He recognized me through the bars—asked me if I didn't now live in his own master's house in Wych-street; when I told him I did, he said he should call and sup with me to-morrow night.

*Blu.* (*rising and striking the table*) Did he?—then mark me, Jack will be as good as his word.

*Kne.* No—no! he's safe enough now.

*Blu.* Don't be too-sure of that. Every cage and prison that he's been nabbed into has been broken out of. Clerkenwell, the Gatehouse—and now, he'll give Newgate the go-by.

*All.* Ah, that he will.

*Kne.* Good night, Mr. Blueskin. I merely dived into the cellar for a small drain to keep out the cold, and to beg of you, as you are over the water, to spare my poor shop and goods—-you understand?

*Blu.* Oh, we seldom trouble our friends—good night.

*All.* Good night, my Kneebone.

[*Exit KNEEBONE up the steps at back.*]

*Blu.* Now, my pal, look out—if we don't see Jack Sheppard to-night, I'll never crack another crib while my name's Blueskin. Oh, that fellow Wild—I'm glad I've cut his company long ago—a housebreaker before a thief-taker, any day; one is a gentleman, the other a sneak.

[*A whistle is heard. BLUESKIN starts up—all the party rise in anxiety*]

I said so—I knew it—I'd swear it—that's his whistle. (*he runs up the steps, opens the door and looks out*) It's he!—It's Jack! Huzza! huzza!

[*They all look toward the steps. JACK appears upon them—he advances with POLL MAGGOT on one arm, and EDGEWORTH BESS, on the other. They all shout, jump up, and surround him. JACK stands laughing in the centre—his coat is of brown flowered velvet, laced with silver—a waistcoat of white satin, richly embroidered—smart boots with red heels—a muslin cravat, or steenkirk, edged with point lace—a hat smartly cocked and edged with feathers—POLL MAGGOT is in a light-blue riding habit, trimmed with silver, and with a jockey cap on her head—her hair flowing down her shoulders. EDGEWORTH BESS—white dress, straw hat, broad sash, &c., &c.*

*Blu.* Huza! huza! I knew Newgate couldn't hold him—your health, Jack. (*he drains off a bumper of punch—some of the party bolt the door at the back*)

*Jack.* Well, Blueskin, here I am again—the condemned hole couldn't hold me, thanks to my fair deliverers here. My darlings—give me a kiss, Bess. (*kisses her*) You're a good girl—Polly, you deserve one too—there—(*kisses Polly*) They came to see me, bless 'em—smuggled in my tools, and a disguise—I cut the spikes *before* me, and the darbies *upon* me—had a good squeeze for life or death—a dodge through the alleys—a call at our tailor's and milliner's—and here I am alive and hearty, and in as good feather as ever.

*All.* Huza!

[*JACK sits in the centre—POLL and BESS on each side of him. The party all draw their seats round him.*

*Blu.* I knew you'd be out, Jack—Kneebone has been here—he told me you promised to sup with him to-morrow, and I knew you meant something when you said *that*.

*Jack.* I'll visit my old friend, he may depend upon it. Now we'll have a jolly night on't—Kettleby, be continually brewing punch till further orders.

*All.* Aha! Aha!

*KETTLEBY runs into bar.*

*Jack.* To-morrow I go to work again, my darlings—

know a crib or two worth notice—and then I'll be revenged upon Jonathan for the trick he served me.

*Blu.* Tempted you to turn cracksman, and one day nabbed you while at work—that's the way he sarves us all—shameful!

*All.* Oh, horrid!

*Jack* He has sworn to hang me, Blueskin—but I may catch him tripping, and then let him look out—a villain! He got hold of poor Thames Darrell at last, poor fellow! Ah! this night nine years ago, poor Thames and I escaped from St. Giles's Roundhouse—ha! ha! ha!

*Blu.* That's right, captain, laugh and be jolly—give care a kick, and brighten your glims with a bowl of punch.

*Jack.* (*rising.*) I will. Kettleby! lay tables in the back slums—cook a good supper for the whole party, and clear away here. [*KETTLEBY and another clear off the table.*] I'm in such spirits, I can scarcely contain myself.

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!—bravo, captain.

*Blu.* (*dancing.*) Tol de rol lol, &c.—let's have a stave while supper's getting ready.

*All.* Aye, aye, aye.

*Blu.* Silence for the captain! and clear your pipes for a chorus.

*Song and Chorus. JACK, BLUESKIN, and par 1.*

*Jack.* In a box of the stone jug I was born,  
Of a hempen widow the kid forlorn.

*Blu.* Fake away!

*Jack.* And my noble father, as I've heard say,

Was a famous merchant of capers gay.

*Blu.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*Cho.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*Jack.* The knucks in quod did my schoolmen play  
And put me up to the time o' day.

*Blu.* Fake away!

*Jack.* No dummy hunter had forks so fly,  
No knuckler so deftly could fake a cly.

*Blu.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*Cho.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*Jack.* But my nuttiest lady one fine day  
To the beaks did her gentleman betray.

*Blu.* Fake away!

*Jack.* And so I was bowled out at last,  
And into the jug for a lag was cast.

*Blu.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.  
*Cho.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*Jack.* But I slipped my darbies one fine day,  
 And gave to the dubsman a holiday.

*Blu.* Fake away!  
*Jack.* And here I am, pals, merry and free,  
 A regular rollicking Romany.

*Blu.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away,  
*Cho.* Nix my dolly pals, fake away.

*They fall into a dance to the air of the song as it concludes*  
 —JACK dancing very elegantly with his two ladies  
 BLUESKIN with a black lady, with a hoop and a flaxen  
 wig.—In the midst of the dance KETTLEBY comes out of  
 the bar in alarm

*Ket.* Silence!

*Blu.* What's the matter!

*Ket.* Jonathan Wild's janizaries are at the door—I saw  
 them from my window.

*Blu.* How many are there?

*Ket.* I counted but four.

*Jack.* Ask them to walk in.

*Ket.* Do you want to be nabbed again?

*Jack.* Do as I command you—Blueskin, hide behind  
 that door. (F. E. R.) My friends, retire! Dear Polly—  
 sweet Bess, don't be alarm'd for your Jack—away till I call  
 you.

[*They all disappear—some at the back, in the bar, and  
 in the various entrances—JACK goes up the steps and  
 unbolts the door.*

*Enter* QUILT ARNOLD, ABRAHAM MENDEZ, LANGLEY and  
 AUSTIN—ARNOLD wearing a peruke, with black-rimmed  
 spectacles on the nose—all have bludgeons.

*Jack.* Well, Quilt, have you come for me?

*Arn.* We have, Captain Sheppard, and we hope you'll  
 not give us much trouble, but walk away quietly.

*Jack.* What reward is offered for me?

*Arn.* A hundred.

*Jack.* And you hope to get it.

*Arn.* We'll try for it.

*Jack.* (*looking at QUILT'S boots, which are muddy.*) You've been riding hard.

*Arn.* Just returned from Manchester, when Mr. Wild ordered me off here in search of you—there are six parties of us scouring all the flash kens, on both sides the water.

*Jack.* Will you take anything?

*Arn.* No, I thank'ye.

*Jack.* Ah, Mendez—you here!

*Men.* Yesh, I am here—even I get holt of you, I'll sarve you out for pulling my peard nine years ago—my chin aches 'o dis plessed day.

*Jack.* (*to QUILT*) So you have just returned from Manchester?—from Sir Rowland Trenchard's, no doubt.

*Arn.* How could you guess that?

*Jack.* No matter; I have a strong suspicion that Thames Darrell is still alive—that the Dutch Captain did not throw him overboard; nay more, I suspect he has returned; and hence your visit to Sir Rowland—he's in London too; am I right?

*Arn.* I don't tell my master's secrets.

*Jack.* I mean to be convinced if my suspicions are correct—therefore I'll trouble you for your coat, hat, wig, and spectacles.

*Arn.* Anything more?

*Jack.* Your waistcoat, and your pass-key to Wild's house.

*Arn.* You're joking.

*Jack.* No, honor bright.

*Arn.* Come, captain, come home again.

*Jack.* To Newgate?

*Arn.* Aye, you can't complain, you've had a good innings—you've crack'd all the prime cribs in London—have taken more swag than any cracksman on town, for the last eight years—you've lived like a gentleman all the while—and as your time's up, come away like a Christian.

*Jack.* (*slyly takes a horse-pistol from his coat-pocket, and holding it by the barrel.*) Now, Quilt, let me tell you a secret. (*whispers.*)

[QUILT stoops his head to listen to JACK, who deals him a tremendous blow on his skull with the butt-end of

*his pistol—QUILT drops senseless—The other three seizes JACK.*

*Jack. (calling, Blueskin?*

*(Music.—BLUESKIN and the mob rush on in all directions—JACK is rescued by POLL and BESS, who attack MENDEZ and AUSTIN with bludgeons—BLUESKIN overthrows LIANGLEY—JACK, with the assistance of KETTLEBY, takes off QUILT'S coat, wig, hat, and spectacles—QUILT'S head is bald beneath his wig—the effect of the blow dealt by JACK is seen—he recovers, and tries to seize JACK—the two women hold him down, while JACK takes a key from QUILT'S waistcoat pocket.*

*Jack. Blueskin, follow me to the Old Bailey.*

*(JACK mounts the steps, kissing his hand to the ladies, with QUILT'S apparel, &c. on his arm—the noise and struggles of the thief-takers is kept up—BLUESKIN resigns LIANGLEY to the custody of two of the mob—and the scene closes.*

**SCENE II.**—*A room in JONATHAN WILD'S house in the Old Bailey.—Tables, chairs, &c., papers and books on the table—Two hooks on the wall to hold a cloak, near the R. D.*

*Enter JONATHAN WILD, L., wrapped in a large horseman's cloak hastily—throws down his hat on the table in a rage, and hangs his cloak on the hooks—throws his loaded bludgeon on the table.*

*Jon. He has returned—Thames Darrell has returned ! That rascally skipper, then deceived me ; he did not throw him overboard. Never mind, I hung the Dutchman two years ago, so he paid me my debt of vengeance before I thought it due ; had I not seen Thames with my own eyes, I would not have believed in his existence—I'll have him yet and the Trenchard estates too—all shall be mine, and then I'll leave this busy life, and live in calm retirement—but not till I have hung Jack Sheppard ; no, no, my pet dream of*



revenge shall first be realized—he has given me the slip again, has he? but my janizaries are after him; he's now ripe for Tyburn, and soon shall swing.

*Enter SHOTBOLT, L. D.*

*Sho.* A gentleman from Manchester.

*Jon.* 'Tis Sir Rowland; bring him in—has Quilt Arnold, Mendez, or any of my fellows returned?

*Sho.* No, Mr. Wild.

*Jon.* No news of Jack Sheppard?

*Sho.* Not yet, Mr. Wild. I intend to be after him myself to-night—I think I know where to nab him.

*Jon.* Do so, and I'll double the reward

*Sho.* I'll have him to-night.

*Jon.* Show the gentleman in. [*Exit SHOTBOLT, L. D.*]—Now should Sir Rowland refuse to concur in my determination—what then!—eh?—shall I!—(*handling his bludgeon*) I'll think about it.

*Enter SIR ROWLAND, L. D.*

Your servant, Sir Rowland; you are fatigued; sit down—it's a long time since we've met—I hope you've enjoyed your health?

*Sir R.* I did'nt come hither to consult you as to the state of my health, sir.

*Jon.* True—then to business; your nephew has returned—I saw him with my own eyes, on board a Frenchman in the river, a few days since, and I instantly sent express to you.

*Sir R.* Was his return unlooked for on your part, sir—or, is it but a portion of your plan to wring more money from me?

*Jon.* On my soul, the Dutchman told me he had flung him overboard; 'tis seldom I am tricked, but in this business I have been.

*Sir R.* Where is he now?

*Jon.* I traced him but an hour since, to Wy h-street, to Wood's old house, and he is now on his road to Dollis Hill, where the carpenter has retired.

*Sir R.* What course do you intend to pursue?

*Jon.* My plan is a very simple one—treat him as you treated the father.

*Sir R.* Murder him !

*Jon.* Aye, murder him, if you like the term—I call it putting him out of the way.

*Sir R.* No, no, I will shed no more blood. (*rising*)

*Jon.* And perish on a gibbet.

*Sir R.* Flight is still left me.

*Jon.* And do you think I'll allow you to depart, and compromise my own safety ? Thames Darrell must die ; our mutual interests require it. (*a knock at the door, L.—JONATHAN rises and goes to it*) Well ?

SHOTBOLT *appears.*

*Sho.* Quilt Arnold is here, sir.

*Jon.* Has he nabbed Jack ?

*Sho.* I don't know, sir, he won't speak to anybody but you.

*Jon.* (*to SIR ROWLAND*) Your pardon a moment—Quilt !

[*SHOTBOLT retires from the door—JACK SHEPPARD appears at it, disguised in QUILT'S wig, spectacles, coat and hat.*

Well, Quilt, have you succeeded ?

*Jack.* (*in Quilt's voice*) All's right—he's safe in the hold again.

*Jon.* My excellent Quilt, the reward is yours—remain with him in the hold till I come to you ; it is not safe to turn your eyes from him. I'll join you immediately.—(*shuts the door upon JACK—pacing the stage*) That's all right—he can't elude me, daring and active little devil as he is ; now for our affair, Sir Rowland.

[*JACK, with the wig and hat off, opens the L. D. and slips behind the horseman's cloak.*

*Jon.* (*to SIR ROWLAND*) Now have you determined ?—Stay ! I have not closed the door. (*closing the L. D. that JACK had left open*) Is Thames Darrell to die ?

*Sir R.* More blood ! shall I ever banish those horrible

phantoms from my couch!—the father with his bleeding breast and dripping hair—the mother on her dying bed, and her looks of reproach and vengeance!—and must another be added?

*Jon.* For our safety—here—(*taking a packet of papers from his pocket, and a particular one from the packet*) this document contains an account of the young man's birth—of the death of his father—and how he died—and another secret! (*fixing his eyes earnestly on SIR ROWLAND—JACK appears listening for a moment from the cloak*)

*Sir R.* Concerning whom?

*Jon.* Jack Sheppard's mother. I need not remind you, Sir Rowland, that you had two sisters, Aliva and Constance.

*Sir R.* Both are dead.

*Jon.* Not so; Constance is still living.

*Sir R.* Impossible!

*Jon.* I've proof—Mrs. Sheppard is Constance Trenchard!

*Sir R.* My lost sister, the wife of one condemned felon and the parent of another!—it cannot be.

*Jon.* It is so—stolen by a gipsy, when scarcely five years old, she was carried to London. It is useless to trace out her miserable career, except that to save herself from destruction, or worse, she married a journeyman carpenter named Sheppard. Poor woman, she was beautiful once—so beautiful as to make *me*, who care little for the allurements of women, fancy myself in love with her; but she preferred the smock-faced carpenter, and so I vowed to hang him—and I did hang him—and now my curse follows his son.

*Sir R.* Your proof of this story?

*Jon.* (*holding forth the document.*) Here is written evidence, signed by Martha Cooper, the gipsy, by whom your infant sister was stolen. The gipsy was afterwards executed for a similar crime, and her confession is here attested by the present ordinary of Newgate.

[*SIR ROWLAND rises in great agitation*—*JONATHAN advances towards him.*]

*Sir R.* I'll not believe it.

*Jon.* By your father's will, if your sister Aliva, the mother of Thames, died without issue, the property reverts to Constance and her son.

*Sir R.* Where is Constance?

*Jon.* In Bedlam—incurably mad!—driven so by the misconduct of her son (*JACK is seen to clasp his hands in agony* who is a condemned felon, now in Newgate, and by the law can inherit nothing. Now, give me half your estate—my half—and in a few days you shall see—mark me, shall see the lifeless body of Thames Darrell.

*Sir R.* I require one thing further.

*Jon.* What is that?

*Sir R.* The name and rank of Thames Darrell's father I never could wring the secret from his mother—do you know it?

*Jon.* I do.

*Sir R.* Let me hear it. (*anxiously.*)

*Jon.* Another time—or now, if you consent to my proposal.

*Sir R.* Let me think—let me weigh the matter in my mind.

[*He buries his face in his hands—JONATHAN whispers in his ear.*

*Jon.* You are not safe while he lives—you are not safe if you thwart me—for I can prove that you murdered his father on the Thames, on the night of the great storm—you are not safe while these documents are in my possession, (*showing papers*) unless I am well paid for silence—come, (*putting papers in his left coat pocket*) choose—choose between my papers brought against you—my evidence to commit you for murder—in short choose between the gibbet or one half of a fine estate, and life and liberty—choose!

[*As he bends forward during the foregoing speech to whisper into the ear of SIR ROWLAND, JACK SHEPPARD advances from behind the cloak, dives his hand into the pocket, where JONATHAN has deposited his documents, obtains them, and returns behind the cloak. A loud knocking is heard at the L. D.—JONATHAN runs to it*

*and finds QUILT ARNOLD, without coat or waistcoat bald, and with his head broken, and ABRAHAM MENDEZ, his clothes torn &c., appear.*

What now ?

*Men.* He has escaped ! Jack has escaped !

*Arn.* Oh, sir ! Oh, Mr. Wild ! I have been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Jack Sheppard !

*Jon.* Villain ! You told me you had secured him.

*Arn.* I, sir ?—never, sir !

*Men.* No, sir.

*[JACK shewing himself from behind the cloak.*

*Jack.* No, sir ! here I am (*advancing*) Sir Rowland, I salute you, as your nephew.

*Sir R.* Back villain ! I disown you.

*Jack.* Indeed ! It may turn out that I disown you.

*Jon.* Well, Jack, you are a bold and clever fellow, I must allow—were I not Jonathan Wild, I'd be Jack Sheppard. I am sorry I've sworn to hang you, but as I am such a slave to my word, it can't be helped—seize him !—Jack you're my prisoner.

*Jack.* Ha ! ha ! do you flatter yourself you can detain me !

*Jon.* I'll try !

*Jack.* Ho !—Blueskin !

*Enter BLUESKIN, L. D.*

*Blu.* Here, Captain.

*[BLUESKIN, as he jumps into the room, deals two tremendous blows with a huge bludgeon on the heads of QUILT and MENDEZ, that fell them to the earth—JONATHAN is rushing on JACK, when BLUESKIN levels a horse pistol at him—JACK gains the doorway.*

*Jack.* Good bye, uncle. Ha ! ha !—I've the proof of my birth.

*Blu.* Good day t'ye, gentlemen.

*[JACK darts out of the door, followed by BLUESKIN—a bolt is heard to fasten the door.*

*Jon.* Blazes seize them, they've lock'd us in !—Quilt !—  
*Mendez !* (*shaking them.*)  
*Arn.* Oh, my head !  
*Men.* Oh, mishter Wild !  
*Jon.* Up on your legs, ye devils.

[*They rise—JONATHAN pulls up a trap in the floor.*]

I shall nab them in the street—this trap leads to the Old Bailey pavement. Sir Rowland, come—no time must be lost ; to-night is *their* turn, to-morrow it will be *mine*.

[*JONATHAN darts down the trap, followed by SIR ROWLAND.*]

*Jon.* (*calls below*) Quilt Arnold !—Mendez ! come, come quick.  
*Arn.* Oh, my head, (*descends trap.*)  
*Men.* (*following*) Oh, dat dam Jack Sheppard.  
*Jon.* (*below*) Come, ye devils !

SCENE III.—*Wood's house at Dollis Hill, Willesden—Wood discovered in a morning gown, cap and spectacles, seated at a table facing the audience, reading—WINNIFRED in a chair on the L. at work—a fire-place U. E. L,—a practicable window in the R. flat.*

*Wood.* (*rubbing his spectacles with his handkerchief.*)—Can't read any more, Winny—my spectacles get so cloudy, can't read a letter ; I think I'll smoke a pipe.

*Win.* Do, father.

*Wood.* Oh dear ! I feel myself very dull since I lost your poor mother ; she used to rouse one up a bit now and then, poor thing : what are you thinking of, my darling ? Ah ! I can guess ; wondering what can have been the fate of poor Thames—now don't blush, my dear—no one need be ashamed of an honest affection ; though I am afraid its all in vain—poor Thames is no longer in this world you may be sure.

[*WINNIFRED wipes her eyes with her handkerchief, and puts down her work.*]

*Enter SALLY, R. D.*

*Sal.* (to WOOD) There's a gentleman wants to see you.

*Wood.* What's his name?

*Sal.* Lor a mussy, I forgot to ask—he only told me to show this to Miss Winny.

[SALLY gives a locket, to which a black ribband is attached, to WINNIFRED, (the locket given by her to THAMES in the Second Part)—WINNIFRED rises, looks at it attentively, and falls back in her chair.]

*Wood* (running to her) What's the matter dear?

*Win.* (showing the locket) Do you not remember this? I gave it to Thames years ago—it must be he—he is alive—or there is news of him—go, father, go and see.

*Wood.* Oh, my stars, what shall I do? I shall faint away—run and bring the gentleman in—stay, I'll go myself—no, I can't, I shall faint away. What do you stand staring there for, you fool, why don't you bring him up? (*stamping at SALLY.*)

*Sal.* Lor, sir. (*Exit R. D.*)

*Wood.* Oh, my Winny, pray keep up—if it should be he, and he finds us both in a fit when he comes in, it would seem so odd.

[THAMES DARRELL heard without.]

*Tha.* Thank you—I shall find the room.

*Win.* 'Tis his voice—it is Thames, dear Thames!

[*Music.*—The door opens and THAMES enters.—he and WINNY run into each other's arms.]

*Wood.* It is he—it is my poor boy come to life again! Tol de rol. (*dances—and kicks his night cap in the air—takes off his wig and flings it into the fire—then folds both WINNY and THAMES to his heart.*) Oh, my dear children, this is a happy moment, and one that the poor old carpenter never dreamt of seeing in his life.

*Win.* (*sobbing*) Oh, oh—father, your wig's burning.

*Wood.* Damn my wig! let it burn—sit down, boy, sit down. Bless me, what a man you've grown.

[*He places chairs—THAMES and WINNIFRED sit close to each other—WOOD on the R. of THAMES—all cuddled up together.*

*Win.* Oh, Thames, we thought you dead—where have you been?

*Wood.* Ah, where? (*calls*) Sally! a bottle of wine and a couple of pipes—we *will* be merry to-night, won't we? Oh, my dear boy, is it really yourself? are you no apparition? (*feeling him and patting his stomach.*) Ah, no—no, all good flesh and blood.

*Tha.* Oh, my dear friend, I have much too tell you. I should have been here some days ago, but could not leave the vessel by which I arrived in the river. Nine years ago, a few nights after my escape from the Round-house I was seized and carried on Board a Dutch sloop; the captain had undertaken to throw me overboard when at sea.

*Win.* Oh, what a wretch!

*Tha.* But he relented, and landed me on the French coast, on a promise that I should never return to England: he has fallen a victim to Wild—has been executed—my promise is cancelled, and here I am.

*Wood.* But how have you lived my dear boy? have you worked at your trade?

*Tha.* Yes.

*Wood.* Ah! there's nothing like a trade—give me a good trade before all your genius and stuff—but go on, my boy.

*Tha.* I encountered many privations in France, till fortune threw me in the way of Cardinal Dubois—he employed me as secretary.

*Wood.* And confidential carpenter, eh?—put his hinges to his boxes, and made him secret draws, eh, go on.

*Tha.* At length, my dear benefactor, I changed my saw into a sword, and was advanced to the service of Philip of Orleans, from whom I received a commission.

*Wood.* A soldier!

*Win.* (*deeply interested in the narrative*) Oh, Thames!

*Tha.* (*showing his dress*) You see.

[*The dress of THAMES is a French military undress of*



*the period, Jack boots, and laced hat, black stock and his hair still flowing in natural curl.*

Wood. Ah, you should have stuck to the carpentering.

*Enter SALLY, R. D.*

Sal. Here's another gentleman want's you, sir.

Wood. What's his name?

Sal. Lor a mussy! I never asked; he's a smart little man, without a wig, his hair all cut round close to his forehead.

Wood. O Lord! it's that villain Jack.

Tha. Sheppard.

Wood. Stop, stop—don't let him in. O, Thames, I live in fear of my life from that viper—such a villain,—a highwayman, robber and housebreaker; he is always in prison, and always escaping—he has robbed me more than once: let me look for a pistol.

Tha. You, his benefactor?—robbed you?

Win. He has indeed, Thames.

Tha. (*rising*) Villain!

*WOOD has run to the table, put on his spectacles and looks in the table drawer, his face to the audience—at that moment JACK enters—THAMES half draws his sword—SALLY screams and clings to the door.*

Tha. Jack your audacity passes belief—you have robbed your benefactor! This is the last place where you ought to show yourself.

Jack. I was *resolved* to see you, Thames. I am a saucy villain, I confess; and though I have robbed my old friend here, he shan't be any of the worse for it some of these days.

Wood. Viper! get out of my house—I wish I could find my pistol. Sally, bring the blunderbuss.

*[SALLY disappears from the door in alarm.]*

Jack. Thames, I am here to save your life.

Tha. I was not aware that it was in danger.

Jack. You *are* in danger.

Tha. From some of your associates?

*Jack.* From your uncle ; *my* uncle, Sir Rowland Trenchard—ah, it is no idle boast, though you seem to think so—read that—

[*JACK produces a paper, which he hands to THAMES—WOOD advances and looks over at the same time.*

*Wood.* Gracious heavens ! Thames, this is no forgery

*Win.* Do you believe it father ?

*Wood* I do from the bottom of my heart ; I always thought Mrs. Sheppard superior to her station.

*Win.* So did I.

*Wood.* And now she's in Bedlam ! Oh, Jack, Jack, you've much to answer for.

*Jack.* I know that.

*Wood.* If this document is true, you are as unfortunate as wicked. See what you might have been.

*Jack.* (*softened.*) I—I feel it more on my mother's account than my own.

*Wood.* She has suffered enough for you.

*Jack.* (*in a broken voice.*) She has—she has.

*Win.* Weep, Jack—do ; those tears will do you good—may lead you to repent.

*Jack.* I can't repent, Winny ; I have often tried, but there always seemed a stubbornness here, (*striking his heart*) that I could not get over ; and the losing you made me a savage lad and a reckless man—oh, how I loved you when I was a boy !—how I have thought of you in the midst of many a daring act—and the thought has checked me when I might have stained my hands with blood—but I musn't talk of these things, or I shall go mad.

[*WOOD wipes his eyes—WINNY sobs and leans on THAMES' shoulder—JACK buries his face in his hands.*

Enough—no more tears ; your life is in danger : Sir Rowland is aware of your return to England. I overheard Wild urge him to assassinate you.

*Win.* Oh, Thames !

*Jack.* And if Wild escapes from the room where I have locked him in, it may take place to-night. So be on your

guard ; I have come here as fast as my horse could scow to warn you. Keep that paper—I have more to give you [JONATHAN WILD is seen at the window watching them]—Ah! there's some one in the garden at this moment.— [JONATHAN disappears] Don't stir, Thames—don't stir.

Wood. O, Lord, we shall be murdered.

[JACK advances to the window and throws it up.

Jack. Keep back, Thames—keep back.

Tha. No, no—I will face my danger boldly. THAMES thrusts JACK aside, and calls out] Who's there ?

[A shot is heard—THAMES utters a cry and falls in WOOD's chair, at the back of the stage—WINNY screams and runs to THAMES—WOOD falls on his knees—JACK, the moment the shot is fired, unsheaths his hanger and jumps through the window a clashing of swords is heard as the scene closes.

SCENE IV.—Exterior of KNEEBONE'S house, in Wych Street, Drury Lane, formerly inhabited by WOOD—A door in flat, over which is written "WILLIAM KNEEBONE"—the shop is shut up, the words "Woollen Draper" are written over the shop—above the door is the painted sign of The Angel.

Two CHAIRMEN enter, carrying a sedan chair—they put it down in the centre—open the door, and SHOTBOLT comes out—a coil of rope in his hand and a bludgeon.

Shot. Now, you fellows, (to PORTERS) listen to me—I'm a peace officer ; I have come here to arrest a notorious criminal ; he'll be brought out at this door, and may make some resistance ; but you must get him into the chair as fast as you can, and hurry him off to Newgate.

1st Por. But what'll we get for the job, your honor ?

Sho. Five guineas—here's a couple in hand. (gives money.)

1st Por. Faix, sir then we'll do it in style—once in this chair, and I'll warrant he'll not get out so easily as Jack Sheppard did from the Condemned Hold and the New Prison  
ouca.

*Sho.* Hold your tongue, and mind what I tell you. (*to himself.*) Jack is shure to be here, if he's not here now—I've a coil of rope and a gag, and these two chairmen to help me ; and if I do nab Jack, I shall have all the reward to myself—I shall do it, never fear. I've bet Arnold and Austin twenty guineas I'll do it ; Mr. Wild has doubled the reward. Ha ! ha !—poor Quilt Arnold, what a fool he has made of himself, to think that Jack should be under Mr. Wild's werry nose, in Quilt's werry wig, and that Jack and Blueskin should catch Mr. Wild in his own trap—ha ! ha ! but I'll show 'em what a really clever man can do. (*knocks at door in flat*) Take the chair down the next alley, and when you see a man come out of this house, with his arms tied fast behind him with this coil of rope, trot him off to Newgate.

*1st Por.* Faix will we your honner—come along, Paddy. (*taking up the chair.*) May the devil fly away with my grandmother, but we're in a nate job to-night.

[*They take off the chair F. E. R.—the door in flat opens, and KNEEBONE appears in a yellow brocade dressing gown, lined with cherry-colored satin—a crimson velvet cap, surmounted by a gold tassel, on his head—a candle in his hand.*

*Sho.* Is Mustur Kneebone at home ?

*Kne.* I am Mr. Kneebone ; what do you want ?

*Sho.* A word in private. My business is to acquaint you that Jack Sheppard has escaped.

*Kne.* The deuce he has—why it was only last evening I saw him in the Condemned Hold.

*Sho.* And he invited himself to sup with you, I hear ?

*Kne.* He did.

*Sho.* Then you may expect him if he's not here already.

*Kne.* No, he's not here yet, and I hope he won't come, for I am just about to sit down to as lovely a chicken as ever was ate.

*Sho.* I'm a peace officer, Mr. Kneebone ; there are two hundred pounds to be gained by his capture—if you will lend a helping hand, I'll be liberal.

*Kne.* What's your name, sir ?

*Sho.* Mr. Shotbolt.

*Kne.* Well, walk in Mr.—Mr. Slipshod

*Sho.* Shotbolt, sir.

*Kne.* Oh, Shoplatch, ah—walk in, and I'll talk to you for I shall catch cold in the street.

[*Exit D. F.*—*KNEEBONE bowing in SHOTBOLT—the door is closed.*

*Enter JACK SHEPPARD F. E. L.*

*Jack* I have had a hard ride to get here, but as I told Blueskin and my wives to meet me at Wood's old house at eleven o'clock to-night, I was determined to be as good as my word; I have had a sharp set-too with Jonathan at Dollis-hill—should have passed my hanger through his body if he had not made off; a villain! he didn't care for me so much as getting a good shot at Thames—he's dangerously wounded; I hope they'll take care of him—only let me see him fairly in possession of his rights, and I'll cut away abroad (*a whistle heard.*) That's Blueskin!

*Enter BLUESKIN with POLL MAGGOTT and EDGEWORTH BESS.*

*Blu.* Here we are captain, St. Clement's has chimed eleven, and here we are, punctual to our appointment.

*Jack.* Ah, my girls, I've had some sharp work since I've seen you—but I'm going to sup here to-night, and will tell you all about my adventure over a bottle of my friend Kneebone's sack.

*Blu.* Yon will?—call him *then*, captain.

*Jack.* I promised to do so, and I always keep my word—besides, I know Kneebone, being a Jacobite, was in correspondence with Sir Rowland Trenchard years ago, and I want to make a friend of the Woollen Draper, if I can.—(*knocks at the D. F.*)

[*The door opens*—*RICHARD, KNEEBONE'S servant, appears a light in her hand.*

*Jack.* Is Mr. Kneebone within?

*Rac.* Yes, sir; will you walk in?

*Jack.* Follow me, Blueskin—come, my dears stick close to your Jack.

*Rac.* I'll take up your name, if you please, sir.

*Jack* Tell him 'tis the gentleman that promised to sup with him to-night.

*Rac.* Yes, sir—walk in please.

[*JACK enters followed by BLUESKIN, POLL, and BESS—the latter three smothering a laugh.*

SCENE V.—*Interior of KNEEBONE'S—A supper set out on a square table—A white cloth is laid of sufficient size to reach the ground—a couple of fowls on the table—a jar of pickles—two small dishes of pastry—bottles of wine, &c., &c.—chairs, D. L.*

*SHOTBOLT and KNEEBONE discovered.*

*Sho* Jack Sheppard knows this house, I believe, sir ?

*Kne.* Every inch of it—he served his apprenticeship in it to Mr. Wood. His name is carved upon a beam up stairs.

*Sho.* Indeed !—now, if he comes, where can I hide myself ?

*Kne.* Under the table.

*Sho.* Suppose he brings Blueskin or some other ruffian with him.

*Kne.* Then I'll help you. I heard a knock at the door just now—I'll see who it is. (*he goes to L. D.*) Hark ! I hear his voice—to your hiding place, quick !

[*SHOTBOLT gets under the table.*

*Sho.* (*putting his head out*) If you lend a helping hand you shall have a share.

*Enter RACHAEL.*

*Rac.* Oh, Lord, what's that man doing there ? (*pointing at SHOTBOLT.*)

*Kne.* Hold your tongue Who was that knocked just now ?

*Rac.* A gentleman that says he promised to sup with you to night.

*SHOTBOLT pulls the table cloth all round him, and is entirely concealed.*

*Kne.* Ask the gentleman in, and put more plates on the table—mind what you're about, for my visitor is Jack Shepard!

*Rac.* Lord! I thought he was in Newgate

*Kne.* He's let out for a few hours, but he's going back again after supper.

*Rac.* Is that him at the door?—what a handsome, smart little chap he is.

*Kne.* When you've laid the plates, keep in your own room, and listen to my calls for you.

*Rac. (going out)* I'll have another peep at him if I die for it—walk up, sir. *(without.)*

[*KNEEBONE takes his seat on the chair R.*

*Enter JACK, L. D.*

*Jack. (surveying the table.)* How do ye do, sir? you expected me I see.

*Kne.* I did—you must have made some exertion to keep your present appointment.

*Jack.* I have, I assure you.

*Kne.* Take a chair.

*Jack. (stepping to the door.)* First let me introduce my friends.

*Kne.* Friends! my invitation didn't extend to *them*.

*Jack.* Come in, my dears.

*BLUESKIN, POLL, and BESS appear, L.*

*Kne.* Ladies, eh! ah! Mrs. Maggott, how do you do?

*Poll.* Pretty well, I thank you, sir.

*Kne.* You and I are old acquaintances.

*Poll.* Yes, you took apartments for me once.

*Kne.* I did.

*Poll.* And left me to pay for them.

*Kne* Yes—yes—true.

*Poll* Very gentlemanly, wasn't it?

*Kne.* Don't rake up all grievances, my dear but take a seat!

[*He places chairs—They all sit. KNEEBONE takes the head of the table, facing the audience, POLL on his L., BESS on his R.; BLUESKIN is seated at the R. corner of the table. JACK at the L.*]

*Blu.* (*helping himself to a tongue*) This looks very nice, I'll help myself.

*Kne.* (*to BLUESKIN*) You make yourself at home, sir.

*Blu.* I generally do. (*filling a bumper of wine.*) Your health, Kneebone.

*Kne.* Thank ye, Mr. Blueskin. (*helps JACK and his LADIES.*) You don't eat. (*to JACK.*)

*Blu.* (*eating voraciously*) The captain has seldom much appetite; I eat for both.

*Kne.* So it seems, and everybody else too.

*Blu.* Ha! ha! I was just thinking it was in this very room that Wild and I nabbed you, nine years ago.

*Kne.* Ha! ha! true. (*aside.*) And now I shall nab you, one good nab deserves another. (*going to door, L.*) Rachael.

*Rac.* (*at door.*) Yes, sir.

*Kne.* (*aside to her.*) Let two Irish chairmen that you will see standing round the corner, wait in the passage below.

*Rac.* Yes, sir, (*disappearing.*)

*Kne.* And more plates. (*returning to his seat.*)

*Rac* (*without*) Yes, sir.

*Kne.* Take a pinch of snuff, madam. (*hands his silver snuff-box to BESS, who takes a pinch.*)

*Blu.* Allow me. (*takes the box from BESS and a pinch at the same time*) What snuff is it? (*putting the box in his pocket.*)

*Kne.* (*staring at him*) Blackguard!

*Blu.* Oh, blackguard, is it?

*Jack.* Blueskin, restore that box.

*Blu.* Confound it, captain, if you've left off business yourself, you needn't interfere with other people.

*Jack.* (*authoritively.*) Restore it.



*Blu.* There, then, (*giving the box to KNEEBONE, who instantly pockets it.*).

*Poll.* I should like a little plum tart, but I don't see a spoon. I'll ring for one.

*Kne* Oh, pray don't trouble yourself.

[*POLL rings a bell which is on table—RACHAEL appears.*

*Poll.* Your master wants a few table spoons, child.

*Kne. (angrily)* Leave the room.

*Rac.* I want to have a good look at Jack Sheppard first ; you told me he was going back to Newgate after supper, so I mayn't have another opportunity.

*Jack.* Oh, he told you that, did he ?

*Blu. (going up to RACHAEL chucking her under the chin.)* Oh, he told you that, did he ? That's Captain Sheppard, my dear ; and I'm Lieutenant Blueskin, my dear.—Two good looking fellows, ain't we ?

*Rac.* Very good looking. But where's the strange gentleman, I saw under the table ?

*Blu. (whistling)* Under the table ?

*Jack.* Oho ! a gentleman under the table.

*Blu.* Here's a plot, Jack.

*Jack.* Is there ?

[*KNEEBONE and the LADIES rise. JACK suddenly seizes the table with both hands and turns it over, scattering everything. SHOTBOLT is discovered in a sitting posture, with his pistol levelled at JACK—BLUESKIN knocks it out of his hand. SHOTBOLT springs on his feet. RACHAEL screams and runs out.*

*S'vo.* Help ! Mr. Kneebone.

[*POLL and BESS stand before KNEEBONE—POIL threatens him with her bludgeon.*

*Poll.* Let him if he dare.

*BLUESKIN immediately pinions SHOTBOLT. JACK takes the coil of ropes and binds his arms behind him. BESS ties up SHOTBOLT's face in her shawl.—BLUESKIN knocks his*

*hat completely over his eyes, and lugs him out at the L. D., followed by JACK and BESS. KNEEBONE attempts to pass POLL.*

*Poll.* Now, my man, look to yourself.

*Sho.* Stand off, Mrs. Maggott. I won't strike you.

*Poll* But I will you. There! (*hitting him on the head*)

*Kne* Oh, Lord! I'm at your mercy. (*falling on his knees*.)

*Poli* There's one for Mrs. Wood. (*hitting him a blow*.)

*Kne.* Oh!

*Poll.* There's one for your treatment of me hitting him another.) And there's another for luck.

[*Hits him a tremendous whack on the shoulders, that stretches him on the floor, and she darts out L. D.*

SCENE VI.—*The exterior of KNEEBONE'S as before.*

*Enter BLUESKIN dragging out SHOTBOLT; JACK follows carrying a lanthorn.*

*Jack.* Have you sent the men for the chair.

*Blu.* Yes, captain.

[*BESS appears at the door, with RACHAEL, bearing a light.*

*Blu.* (*calling, r.*) Now, my lads, all ready.

*The two CHAIRMEN enter with a sedan. POLL enters from the D. v*

*1st Por.* Aye, your honor.

[*The PORTERS set down the chair and open it. POLL takes the lanthorn from JACK, and holds it up while BLUESKIN and JACK force SHOTBOLT into the chair. The men shut up the chair and take their places.*

*Jack.* What are you waiting for?

*1st Por.* The gentleman as hired us.

JACK SHEPPARD.

*Jack.* He'll be after you directly—trot to Newgate with the prisoner.

*1st Por.* Aye, aye, your honor.

[*They take off the chair* L. BLUESKIN, JACK, POLL, and BESS, *laughing*; JACK *darts off* F. E. R., *with* POLL and BESS *on each arm*. BLUESKIN *kisses* RACHAEL, *heartily at the door, as she runs in*; he then follows JACK.

SCENE VII.—A room at WILD'S.

*Enter* JONATHAN WILD, R. D., *his loaded bludgeon in his hand*  
*A small door in flat.*

*Jon.* I hit him—ten to one but the bullet has struck him in some vital part. I didn't think Jack would have attacked me so desperately as he did. A little imp! I'll have the papers from him yet. Now if Thames *has* received his death-wound—and if he hasn't, he shan't be long without it—what is to be done with Sir Rowland? He may yet agree to putting the young man out of the way, and if he won't what then?—He will be here immediately to tell me his determination. Jack has gained possession of the documents—well, never mind—Jack hung—Thames dead—Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam—what prevents my taking possession of all? Who will prevent it?—Sir Rowland—um! let him, if he can. Abraham!—(*calling.*)

*Enter* ABRAHAM MENDEZ, L., *eating.*

*Men.* Yesh, sir, I am taking my lunch—I'll put it in my pocket, and finish it by and bye. (*puts a loaf of bread and some meat in his pocket.*)

*Jon.* I think I shall want you for the job I spoke of a short time ago. I mean to have no one but yourself in it. Here, (*taking a flask and cup from his pocket*) take this drop of brandy. (*he pours out some brandy and gives it to MENDEZ.*)

*Men.* (*swallowing it at a draught.*) Dat ish goot—very goot.

*Jon.* You shall finish the bottle when the job's done.

*Men.* Vat ish it, Mishter Wild, Shir Rowland's affair?

*Jon.* That's it; I expect him here every minute—you hide there. (*pointing L.*) And if you hear me say—"you've a long journey before you." that's your signal.

*Men.* And a famous goot shignal it ish.

*Jon.* (*knocking heard*) There's his knock—I'll go to the door. There's nobody in the house but you and I, Mendez.

*Men.* If his friends should miss him?

*Jon.* No matter, I have been too useful to the government, in bringing so many traitors and robbers to the scaffold, that my actions are seldom enquired into. Go, Mendez, to your hiding place; you will find a torch burning there—keep it in your hand (*MENDEZ goes off, R.*) If he gives me half, I'll spare him—if he won't, he dies. I have drawn up a forged deed of assignment of all to me—the consideration, service done to Sir Rowland, years ago; and then possession will be easy enough. [*Exit, L.*]

*MENDEZ re-enters, the burning torch in his hand.*

*Men.* Mishter Vild, vat vere de vords? Oh, he's gone to the door. Let me see—"you have a long journey before you"—dat's right, I tink. I can't finish my lunch now—presently—aha! A good tink I have got some crub, 'n case I may have a long journey. Oh! here dey come.

[*Exit R.*]

*Enter JONATHAN, conducting SIR ROWLAND, enveloped in a large cloak, F. E. L.*

*Jon.* Now, Sir Rowland, what is your determination?

*Sir R.* To spare my nephew.

*Jon.* It is, eh!

*Sir R.* (*producing a bag of money.*) This bag contains five thousand pounds, which, when you receive it, will make ten thousand that you have had from me in this matter: all that I require in return is, that the past may be buried in oblivion—that I may be allowed to depart for France—that you will disclose all you know relative to the

parentage of Thames Darrell, that, at my decease, I may render tardy justice to him. Do you agree?

*Jon.* To one point I will—as regards the parentage of Thames. (*taking the glove from his bosom given him by DARRELL in the first part*) Look at this glove; it belonged to the boy's father! and was worn by him on the night he was murdered. You will observe that a coronet is embroidered on it.

*Sir R.* Ha! (*gazing on it*) Is he so highly born?—Those were the arms of a friend—and have I murdered him—and was my dead sister so illustriously wedded?—Oh, had I known this!

*Jon.* Repentance comes too late when the deed's done.

*Sir R.* It's not too late to repair some of the wrong I have done. I will set about it instantly—he shall have all.

[*JONATHAN touches a spring in the wall,—a door opens*

*Sir R.* I will return to Manchester at once.

*Jon.* You had better take some refreshment before you start, "you've a long journey before you."

[*Music. MENDEZ appears—strikes the link into the ground.*

*Sir R.* What means this?

[*MENDEZ slips behind SIR ROWLAND, and draws the sword from his scabbard. JONATHAN throws his cloak over SIR ROWLAND'S head and thrusts him through the door*

*Jon.* (*within*) Follow, Mendez.

[*MENDEZ takes up the light and darts through the door after them—A noise is heard—Heavy blow dealt—SIR ROWLAND heard shrieking Help! Victim! Oh!—WILD heard—Despatch him!*

SCENE VIII.—*The Well Hole—A door is seen at the back, on the top of the stairs—SIR ROWLAND darts down them, through the door, streams of blood pouring down his face.*

*Sir R.* (at the foot of the stairs, on the R.) Ha! there is a door here—it is fast! fast!—I shall be murdered!

**JONATHAN** appears, armed with his bludgeon, followed by **MENDEZ**, bearing the torch, through the door on the summit of the stairs. **SIR ROWLAND** turns and confronts them—**JONATHAN** strikes a blow at **SIR ROWLAND**—it misses him and falls with great violence on the stair rail—**SIR ROWLAND** clings to it with both hands, and appears hanging fearfully over the hole.

*Sir R.* Spare me! spare me!

[**JONATHAN** savagely strikes his hands with the loaded bludgeon—**SIR ROWLAND** falls into the abyss. A hollow plunge is heard, as of **SIR ROWLAND**'s descent into the water—A groan.]

*Men.* (looking over with link) Shoot him!

*Jon.* What's the use?—he can't get out. (looking down the hole.) [Another groan] All's over!

*Men.* Let's go back—I shall breathe more freely there. (going to the door.) Oh!

*Jon.* What's the matter?

*Men.* De door's shut—it shwung too during de schuffle.

*Jon.* Shut!—then we're imprisoned; the spring can't be opened on this side.

*Men.* Dere's dat door. (pointing to the door at the base of the stairs.)

*Jon.* It's bolted without. Dog! it's all your fault—you shaking coward—the blood will be seen in the next room Dog! dog!

[He seizes **MENDEZ** by the throat—the Jew hangs over the rail, almost strangled, as the drop descends.]

END OF ACT III.

**BACK SHEPHERD.**

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I.**—*Willesden Church Yard, by moonlight, grave stones, &c.*

[*A new-made grave, R.—*JACK *discovered in a black coat, but light waistcoat, lying on the grave. He rises and looks at it*

*Jack.* Oh! Jack, Jack! you have broken your poor mother's heart; and here she lies buried, by her last request, in Willesden church-yard. Poor mother!—when I heard Wild tell Sir Rowland you were in Bedlam, and driven there by my misconduct, neither he nor I knew you had been three days dead! They tell me she forgave me before she died—bless her! Oh, villain! outcast! condemned felon that I am! Footsteps—

[*Looks sharply around and retires*

*THAMES DARRELL* appears at the back, wrapped in a cloak.

*Tha.* Jack!

*Jack.* Ah, Thames! I am glad you are punctual to the time. I sent for you to meet me, for I have much to say that concerns both of us. How is your wound?

*Tha.* (*throwing open his cloak, and showing his arm in a sling*) My arm is still disabled. The ball struck me on the shoulder; I must trust to time for my cure.

*Jack.* A well-aimed shot, Thames!—not far from your head. I warned you from the window, but your noble blood made you rash; you must learn to be cautious, Thames—"Courage and caution!"—that's my motto; and the lion and the fox shall be my coat-of-arms, *when I* have my carriage. Now, Thames, in the first place, tell my old master that I shall never forget his attending to my mother's last request in seeing her laid here, near the church in which she has so often prayed for me. I will

not risk a visit to Dollis-hill again ; for though Blueskin tells me that Wild has not been seen or heard of for these two days, I am sure he is still on the hunt for me.

*Tha.* Neither seen or heard of ?

*Jack.* No, his janizaries are all in dismay ; he and the few were suddenly missed, and where they are gone not one of his myrmidons can guess.

*Tha.* On some villain's errand, be assured.

*Jack.* Now, Thames, here are all the documents that I picked Wild's pocket of. (*producing the bundle of papers*) With proper help, they will establish your title to the estates. You will there discover the name and rank of your father.

*Tha.* The rank ?

*Jack.* He was concerned in the old Jacobite plots ; was secretly married to your mother. She was supposed to have formed, like the poor soul that lies there, a base union. Sir Rowland, and his cousin Cecil, vowed his death ; they discovered his obscure retreat, hunted him through the Mint, and he perished on the night of the great storm—on the night that you were saved.

*Tha.* How did Wild obtain possession of the papers ?

*Jack.* Being the secret agent of government, in the course of his career they fell into his hands. He knew how few the lives were that prevented his seizing the Trenchard estates. You murdered and I hung, he could easily claim them for his great services. But now I think we shall baffle the old wolf ! Take the papers, Thames, and may they prove as serviceable to you as I desire ! (*gives papers to THAMES.*)

*Tha.* I wish I could devise some means of brightening your own dark prospects.

*Jack.* That's impossible. I am utterly lost !

*Tha.* Not utterly.

*Jack.* Utterly, as regards all I hold dear. A vessel sails for France from the river by daybreak ; I have secured a passage in her ; Blueskin goes with me—the faithful fellow will never leave me. I shall then be out of Wild's reach. Good bye, Thames !

*Tha.* Good bye. Send to me when you are safe in France, and in good time I will be with you there.



*Jack.* First secure your own; and now, Thames, will you try to set me right with Winnifred! Don't let her think worse of me than I deserve, or even so ill. Tell my old benefactor how bitterly I have repented of my ingratitude in having robbed him—my first temptation was possessing his master-key, given me by Wild; the means of robbery were then so easy, and I being by nature so bad! Oh, Thames! if I were a judge, the wretch that tempted the weak and the wicked to crime should swing the loftiest and the first.

*Tha.* Where shall you pass the night?

*Jack.* Here.

*Tha.* Why not come to Wood's?

*Jack.* No, I shall be safer here—nay, I shall be happier here; don't talk to me. Let me have my way in this matter. You never saw me so down before, did you? Ah, Thames, we devil-may-care chaps have our gloomy moments as well as your regular canters. Good bye, old boy! I have done you a service or two, haven't I!

*Tha.* You have indeed, Jack.

*Jack.* And when you're a great man, say a good word for me if you can.

*Tha.* And do you a good deed too, if it's in my power Jack.

*Jack.* That's right—bless you! (*shaking hands*) Marry Winny—mind you do! And you'll be kind to her, won't you? and love her. Oh! how I could have loved her; and—and—(*bursts into tears*) Good bye, Thames!—go—leave me here. Not another word—go.

[*Music—He motions THAMES away, who goes slowly off.—JACK buries his face in his hands,—exclaims*

Mother!—poor mother!

*and falls into a passion of grief on her grave—LANGLEY, AUSTIN and SHOTBOLT, suddenly rise from behind three of the gravestones, pistols in their belts and bludgeons in their hands—they point towards JACK, look out, and express that THAMES has gone—gently advance to JACK, and seize him—JACK jumps up.*

*Ans.* Nabbed at last! On with the rufflers! We've watched you this half hour—once more to Newgate!

[*He whistles—JACK is overpowered—three more constables appear, they hold JACK down, and the scene closes upon the group.*]

SCENE II.—*The Mint.*

*Enter* BLUESKIN, KETTLEBY, and a group of the Minters—  
BLUESKIN shaking hands with them, F. E. L.

*Blu.* Good bye, my lads—you won't see me any more. I couldn't have the heart to leave my old freinds without crossing the water to shake hands with you.

*Ket.* So you're going to foreign parts on your travels, eh?

*Blu.* But not at the expense of government!—I'm a true patriot, and mean to transport myself at my own cost.

*Ket.* Well, you've all our good wishes, and when you're among the mounseers drink good health and success to your old pals in the Mint,

*Blu.* That I will.

*Ket.* And Jack goes with you?

*Blu.* Mum!

*Ket.* (*aside to BLUESKIN*) Mind he's not nabbed before he starts—they'll hang him out of hand if he is. He was left for death at his *last* escape, and I know Wild, or some of his gang, are on the hunt for him. Very odd. Wild hasn't been heard of lately.

*Blu.* Oh, he's on the scent somewhere. Good bye, my pals. Be good boys; keep up the old privileges of the Mint, and the bum-bailiffs out of it; and be true to one another. Good bye!

*All.* Good bye, Blueskin.

AIR.—*Blueskin.*

*"Then farewell my trim-built wherry!"*

Now farewell my scamps and tories,  
Tolls, and popps, and all farewell

## JACK SHEPPARD.

London—scene of all my glories  
 Where I oft have come the swell !  
 Tyburn, once I view'd reflective—  
 Come, old man, we'll now kiss hands—

[*Looks off R. and kisses his hands*

Welcome to my new perspective—  
 Cracking cribs in other lands.

[*At the end of the song all shout and cry—*

Huzza ! Blueskin !

*Enter a THIEF, R.*

*Thi.* Blueskin !

*Blu.* Well, Slimkid, what now ?

*Thi.* Poor Jack !

*Blu.* What of him ?

*Thi.* Nabbed again.

*All.* Nabbed !

*Thi.* In Newgate.

*Blu.* (*and all the Mob.*) Ah !—what a pity !

*Blu.* Who caught him—Wild ?

*Thi.* No, his janizaries.

*Blu.* Never mind, lads ; he'll be out again—he's to meet me to-morrow at Blackwall, and Jack never broke his word yet, whether in or out of the jug ; but if they do take him up Holborn-hill, what say you, boys, to a rescue ?

*All.* Aye, aye, a rescue ?

*Blu.* Slimkid ! (*to the thief*) Set it agog amongst all the cracksmen of the village that we mean to rescue, if once Jack is stowed in the cart—away ! You to Country Tom's in Long Lane. (*to two of the mob who run off R.*) You to the Dean's Head, in St. Martin's le Grand. (*to two more who run off L.*) You to Dan Ware's, in Hanging-sword Court. (*to another of the mob, who runs off*) I'll go to the Feathers, in Drury Lane ; and this I swear—if Jack swings, I'll set fire to Jonathan Wild's house ; and burn the damned ken to the ground !—Eh, lads ?

*All.* Aye, aye !

*Blu.* Come along then.

*All.* Huzza ! huzza ! [*All go off cheering g* BLUESKIN.

SCENE III.—*Cell in Newgate, in the Castle, R. of flat.—A small fire-place—a Recess at back, with a blanket in it.*

[*JACK discovered sitting for his picture by SIR JAMES THORNHILL.—HOGARTH is taking a sketch on the L.—FIGG, a prize-fighter ; GAY, the poet ; and AUSTIN, a turnkey, standing by.—JACK is fastened to the ground and handcuffed.*

*Jack.* (*after a pause*) Now, if you please, as I am rather tired of sitting so long in one position, I'll rest a bit.

*Sir J.* Well, Jack, you may fairly say that no house-breaker was ever so highly honored before. By whose desire, think you am I painting your portrait ?

*Jack.* Some of the beaks, I suppose.

*Sir J.* Ha ! ha !—the beaks, eh ?

*Gay.* A *beak*, Jack, without whose sanction no parliamentary *bill* can pass.

*Jack.* Who do you mean ?

*Sir J.* His Majesty ! There's a feather in your cap.

*Jack.* And have my escapes really made so much noise as to reach the ear of royalty ?—I have done nothing—nothing to what I *could* do—to what I *will* do.

*Aus.* You've done quite enough—more than ever you'll do again.

*Jack.* Indeed ! (*looking at GAY*) And so you're Mr. Gay, the play-writer, eh ? I saw your "Captives" at Drury Lane one night. Poll, Bess, and I went into the gallery ; we were highly entertained. The Princess of Wales was there too

*Gay.* And pray who may Poll and Bess be ?

*Aus.* His two wives, if you please, sir.

*Gay.* Two wives ! Egad, Jack, you should write your adventures ; they would be quite as entertaining as the histories of Lazarillo de Formes, Meriton Latroon, or any of my favorite rogues, and far more instructive.

*Jack.* You had better write 'em for me, Mr. Gay.

*Hog.* (*to Gay*) If you'll write them I'll *illustrate* them.

*Gay.* I will. An idea has just occurred to me—I'll write an opera, the scene of which shall be laid altogether

in Newgate, and the principal character a highwayman—I'll not forget your two mistresses, Jack.

*Jack.* Nor Jonathan Wild, I hope, sir.

*Gay.* Certainly not. *I'll gibbet* the rascal, a thief-taker! eh? Ha! ha! ha!—I'll call him Peah'em; and my opera shall have no music except the good old ballad tunes, and we'll see whether it won't put the *Italian* opera out of fashion.

*Sir J.* What, with Cutzoni, and the divine Farinelli, at its head?

*Hog.* You'll do a national service then, Mr. Gay these people are not only paid too much, but our native talent is quite neglected for them. Sheppard's story has given me a hint—I'll take two *apprentices*, and depict their career; one, by perseverance and industry, shall obtain fortune and honor, and the other, by an opposite course and dissolute habits, shall eventually arrive at Tyburn.

*Jack.* (*dejectedly*) Yours will be nearer the truth, and have a deeper moral, Mr. Hogarth; but if my career were truly exhibited, it must be in one long struggle against destiny, in the shape of—

*Gay.* Jonathan Wild.

*Jack.* Ah!

*Gay.* Well, you are an extraordinary fellow—not the man I expected to see. I looked for a six-foot ruffian—not a stripling!

*Hog.* Don't you see, he's all muscle and activity, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon him. You can scarcely be twenty, Jack.

*Jack.* I am one-and-twenty, sir.

*Fig.* No more, sir, take my word for it; he was quite a lad when he came to me to learn the back-sword exercise. Capital pupil—*beat me* once! Ah, Jack, you wouldn't take my advice—*one* mistress is enough to ruin a man—*two*, the devil! Never, mind, Jack, die game!

*Jack.* Die, eh?—my time may yet be to come.

*Hog.* If you contrive to break out of this dungeon, fettered as you are, you'll do what no man ever did before.

[*JACK smiles.*]

*Sir J.* (*pointing*) There it is!—the exact expression I want! Don't move, Jack—don't alter a muscle if you can help it.

*Hog.* (*sketching*) I have it, too! Gad, it's a devilish fine face when lit up. [*Showing it to GAY.*]

*Gay.* Ah, the very face! with all the escapes written in it.

*Aus.* (*peeping at it*) As like as life!

*Fig.* (*peeping*) The very moral!

*Hog.* Look, Jack.

[*JACK takes the sketch, and regards it.*]

*Fig.* (*looking at SIR JAMES'S large picture*) Yours isn't bad, sir.

*Gay.* Excellent, Sir James!—his Majesty will be delighted [*Also looking at SIR JAMES'S picture.*]

*Jack.* (*regarding HOGARTH'S sketch*) Lord, it is like— isn't it? Ha! ha! ha! it makes me laugh; tho' it wants something in the hand, I think.

*Hog.* A file.

*Jack.* Ah!

*Hog.* I'll sketch one immediately.

[*GAY shows JACK SIR JAMES'S picture—he looks at it attentively.*]

*Jack.* Lord!—it's like my mother—poor soul!—take it away, sir! [*Hides his face on the table.*]

[*AUSTIN packs up the easel and colors for SIR JAMES. HOGARTH puts his sketch in a small portfolio.*]

*Gay.* I'll return and see you to-morrow, Jack.

*Jack.* It will be too late, sir; I'm ordered for execution.

*Gay.* Then God bless you, Jack!

[*Shaking hands with him feelingly.*]

*Sir J.* Farewell, Jack.

*Jack.* Thank'ye kindly for your visit, sir; it has helped to pass half an hour pleasantly. I would see you, though the Ordinary wished me not.

*Hog.* Good bye, Jack. (*aside*) I shall expect to hear of your escape to-morrow.

*Jack.* Do, sir, if you please.

[*AUSTIN holds the door (L.) open.*]

*Aus.* Now, gentlemen.

*All.* Good bye!—good bye, Jack.

*Fig.* (shaking hands with JACK) Die game, Jack.  
*Jack.* Aye, aye.

[*Music.*—They all go off L. D., AUSTIN carrying the easel—the door is closed—the heavy lock is heard to turn—bolts are shot, and chains fall.—JACK listens a moment.

(Leaping up) Now for an achievement, compared with which all I have yet done shall be as nothing.

[*Music.*—JACK holds the chain of his handcuffs fast by one hand, and draws his fingers of the other through the manacle; when one hand is so released, he in the same manner sets the other at liberty. While he is doing this he sings

Tho' with neither a chisel, a knife, nor a file,  
 Yet the dubsman shall see that I'll do it in style!  
 Fal lal, &c.

[When his hands are free he again sings.

Now my forks are so fairly released from quod,  
 If I don't queer my darbies it is very odd!  
 Fal lal, &c.

[He takes off his shoes

I'll kick off my shoes before my time,  
 For the barefoot monkey best can climb.  
 Fal lal, &c.

[He dances in his fetters without his shoes. He suddenly stops, as if in pain, holds up his foot and exclaims

A nail!

[He surveys the floor, and extracts a large nail from a crevice in it—looks at it. Laughs, and sings

Oh! Fortune ne'er played me so pleasant a trick  
 As to drop me a nail, my lock to pick!  
 Fal lal, &c.

[*He picks the padlock in the floor, which releases him, he then twists the chains round and round—the centre link snaps—he draws the fetlock up his legs, and with a neckerchief from his neck, binds the broken chain round one leg—with a handkerchief from his pocket, he so fastens the other.*

ST. GILES'S BOWL.

AIR—"When the Heart of a Man."

Should it e'r be my lot to ride backwards—some day  
 At the Crown, in St. Giles's, I'll most certainly stay;  
 I'll summon the landlord, I'll call for the bowl,  
 And drink a deep draught to the health of my soul.  
     Whatever may hap,  
     I'll taste of the tap,  
 To keep up my spirits when brought to the crap;  
 For nothing the transit to Tyburn beguiles  
 So well as a draught from the bowl of St. Giles.

[*As he finishes his song, he takes up a blanket from a recess at back, goes to the chimney, lays the blanket on the floor, and ascends the chimney—the moment he is out of sight the scene is shut in by*

SCENE IV.—Room in WOOD'S house at Dollis-hill—WOOD heard singing, Tol de rol, &c., and exclaiming, "I knew it—I always said it."

Enter WOOD dancing, followed by THAMES and WINNIFRED.

Tha. } Dear father, be composed, pray do.

Win. }

Wood. I knew it—I always said it—have told poor Mrs. Wood so, a hundred times. Well, I will be quiet, but I really do feel restless—I can scarcely contain myself.

Tha. } Father.

Win. }

Wood. I want to run all over the house, up stairs, down stairs, on the roof, anywhere, to relieve my mind a little; now let me have one good look at you, Thames.

[*Places his hands upon THAMES' shoulders, and looks him earnestly in the face.*

▲And so you're the son of a lord?



*Tha.* (*his papers in his hand*) By the evidence of these I am ; my father was of the blood royal of France.

*Win.* The Marquis—what ?

*Tha.* De Chatillion.

*Wood.* A marquis too !—Well, we will have the job all properly executed. I'll be off this very night to town, amongst the lawyers and the chancellors ; you shall have your own Thames. Lord bless me, I think I have read something of your father in the papers years ago.

*Tha.* He was, it appears, connected with the Jacobite plots—had been some years in this country before his assassination took place ; for here is a letter addressed to my ill-fated mother. (*showing a letter from his pocket, old and worn.*) He here speaks of his friendship for Sir Rowland, whom it seems he had known abroad, but entreats her to keep her marriage secret for a time, and to live in obscurity till his political mission should be complete.

*Wood.* Sir Rowland shall give up all, Thames ; I've money enough for the lawyers—you *shall* have your rights.

*Tha.* And then, father, you will no longer defer my happiness.

*Win.* Thames, I release you from your promise—a carpenter's daughter is no fit match for one of your rank.

*Tha.* If my dignity must be purchased by the loss of you, I here denounce it ; and now it is for you alone to decide, whether I quietly remain the adopted son of my dear benefactor, or nobly to struggle for my birthright.

*Win.* My lips would belie my heart if I were to refuse you, and so—and so—

*Wood.* Pooh, pooh ! this is all shilly shally ; you know you love one another dearly : your inclinations dovetail—your hopes are on a parallel line !—Cupid's the carpenter in the case, and Hymen will be the joiner. There, then !

[*He puts them into each other's arms.*]

Oh, that I should have lived to be father-in-law to a lord !—what would poor Mrs. Wood have said ?

*Enter SALLY, F. E. L.*

*Sal.* There's a strange man at the door, with a voice as gruff as a bear, says he wants to speak to Mr. Darrell.

*Tha.* With me ?

*Wood.* You shan't go, Thames ; you've been drilled by a bullet already, and badly wounded—you shall not run any more risks. Sally, bring me my blunderbuss.

*Sal.* Lor, sir !

*Wood.* Do as I bid you ;—you know where it hangs—go ! *SALLY runs off R.*

Now, Thames, my lad—my lord, I mean—you shall be ruled by me. This may be some other attempt upon your life, and we must be cautious.

[*SALLY re-enters with a blunderbuss—WOOD takes it.*

Now, Sally, tell the man to come in. [*Exit SALLY, F. E. R.*  
Now, if there is to be any more shooting, I'll have first fire. (*Presents blunderbuss at L. E.*

*Enter BLUESKIN, F. E. L.*

*Wood.* Now, sir, *who* are you ? Speak, or I fire ! Do you come from Jonathan Wild ?

*Blu.* No, sir, I come in behalf of Jack Sheppard.

*Wood.* What of him ? Speak, and to the purpose.—Keep your hands before you ; if you attempt to put them into any of your pockets I fire !

*Blu.* I don't come to hunt anybody. I know Jack has been of service to you, sir. (*to THAMES*) Will you be grateful, and try to be of service to him ?

*Tha.* In what way ?

*Blu.* He's again in Newgate, sir.

(*THAMES and WINNY express commiseration.*

and ordered for immediate execution. Now, sir, if you will give a hundred or two, I'll engage to free him on his way to Tyburn.

*Wood.* He shan't do it ; how do we know to what purpose you may apply the money ?

*Blu.* Let the gentleman go with me, and see fair play.

*Wood.* And get murdered for his pains ! He shan't go.

*Blu.* Well, sir, I've only come to tell you that all the cracksmen in London intend to line Holborn-hill to rescue

Jack, if he goes to Tyburn. Now, if you'll lend a helping hand, it will be but proper of you. I shall wait for your answer at the Wheat Sheaf, on Paddington Green; if you come, all well and good—and if you don't, I'd rather be Joe Blueskin, than a loblolly boy lord, any day! [Exit L.

Wood.—There's an impudent scoundrel! You shan't go, Thames!

Tha. Nay, father, I must not forsake Jack in the hour of peril! Ruffian—housebreaker, as he is, what do I not owe him?

Wood. If you do go, I'll go with you. Winny, stay at home and take care of the house—barricade and bolt it till we come home! I'll carry my blunderbuss with me, Thames, in case of accidents.

Win. Oh, Thames, be careful! Why will you again run into danger?

Tha. I must go, Winny. I should despise myself if I did not strive, at least to do something for him who had done so much for me! Come, father, come!

Wood. Get my hat, Winny, and all the money that you'll find in my desk, and the powder and the bullets in my wig-box; we'll be armed every way! Come along, Thames.

Win. Don't go, Thames—pray, don't go!

(All exit, F. E. L.)

SCENE V.—*The highest leads of Newgate, and the leads of the Turner's house. A loft door on R. The roofs and chimneys of the neighboring houses seen. On L. the summit of Newgate.*

(JACK is discovered descending by the wall on the L.—His blanket is fastened to a corner of it by a nail—he alights on the leads, pale and exhausted, a bar in his hand—he leans upon it.)

Jack. Once more I breathe the pure air of heaven!—once more am I on the outside of those terrible walls.—Where am I now?—on the leads of the neighboring houses. It is scarcely day-break. Hark!—what's that?—the hum of voices in the streets!—of the mob coming to see me ride to Tyburn. Ha! ha!—I'm free!—ha! ha! Now I

am safe I tremble at what I have done. My good iron bar ! —my faithful friend ! (*regarding the bar in his hand.*)—Had I not torn you from your resting place in the chimney, what would have become of poor Jack ! With your help I battered the strong wall of the red room, the thick doors of the chapel the stone and the iron barriers that met me on my way ; bolts, nails—all became my humble servants with *your* help and *my* strength and patience ! Now I've breathed a little I'll proceed. What have we here—a door ?—open too ! Dare I descend and gain the street ? No—perhaps I may rest here till night.

(*Listens at door &*

*Kne.* (*within*) Who's there ?

*Jack.* (*retreating*) 'Tis Kneebone's voice.

*Kne.* (*within*) Who's there ?

(*JACK conceals behind the door as it opens on the stage.*

*KNEEBONE appears without his coat.*

*Kne.* Who's there, I say ? I'm sure I heard somebody on the leads ; some infernal tom-cat, no doubt—puss ! puss ! Oh !—it's very cold ; tho' a mouthful of air is very refreshing after the drop or two of punch I took last night with my friend here, Mr. Bird, the turner, who kindly gave me a bed in his house, that I might be in time to see Jack Sheppard get into the cart. (*sees the blanket hanging from the wall.*) Hollo !—that's very odd !—what is it ?—(*goes to the blanket, and examines it*) One of the prison blankets, I declare, fastened by a nail to the top wall of Newgate !—very odd ! Lord bless me, surely there has been no escape ! If it *is* anybody, it's Jack ; and that must have been a footstep, after all that I heard on the leads. Oh, Lord, I'm all in a tremble ! Is it fast enough to hold a man ? (*pulls it*) It *is*. Hollo ! hollo !—anybody within hearing ?—hollo ! I think there's something wrong here—hollo !

[*Calls loudly as his back turns towards the door on the &*  
—*JACK darts down the loft.*

I'll wake Mr Bird. Run to the prison, and see if all's

correct Hollo ! Mr. Bird !—get up—there's something wrong. Hollo !—get up, Mr. Bird ! Mr. Bird !

(*Goes in at B. D. calling.*)

**SCENE VI.**—*Turnagain Lane—Fleet Ditch. Distant shouts heard—the Pursuit. Far-off cries of "Escape ! Stop thief ! Jack Sheppard !" mingled with watchmen's rattles, heard.*

*Enter JACK, F. E. R., breathless—he leans upon his iron bar.*

*Jack.* I distanced them ! I got out of the turner's house before any of the inmates were up, and should have escaped unnoticed, but for the assembling groups in the street. My pursuers are now on a wrong scent ; I wish I could rid me of my fetters. What shall I do ?—gain the fields, or try for Wych-street ?—the cellars there I know—(*shouts*) I must double again. Yes, yes, Wych-street.

[*Distant shouts and noises again—JACK who is nearly sinking, rallies, shoulders his iron bar, and darts off L.*]

**SCENE VII.**—*Exterior of KNEEBONE'S, in Wych-Street.*

*Enter BLUESKIN, SLIMKID, and six or seven THIEVES—BLUESKIN and SLIMKID with unlighted torches in their hands, F. E. R.*

Come along, pals—on to the Old Bailey : and the moment Jack starts for Tyburn, you and Slimkid must get into Wild's house and fire it. Matches, flambeaux, all right ?

*Sl.* All right.

*Blu.* Come on. Hollo ! here's old Kneebone's not up yet. (*distant shouts heard*) Hollo, what's that ?—something queer. (*they listen*) It sounds like an escape—suppose it's Jack ?

*All.* No, no, it can't be.

*Blu.* It may be ; I'm half inclined to think he'll be at Blackwall yet—come on. Captain Darrell has stood the blunt like a man. He and Wood are not far off ; and if

we find we can give Jack no help, Jonathan's crib shan't escape ; we'll do something for our money—come on !

[*Music.*—BLUESKIN and the THIEVES go off, F. E. L.—  
*Murmurs heard in the distance.*

*Enter HAWKER, in rags, L.*

*Haw.* (*crying*) Here's the last dying speech and confession—birth, parentage, and education—character and behavior of the notorious housebreaker, Jack Sheppard !

[RACHAEL—KNEEBONE'S servant, opens the door F., a broom in her hand.

*Rac.* Oh, give me one—here's the money ; I'm dying to read it !

*Haw.* Here you have it.

[*Gives the last dying speech to RACHAEL who hands him a penny, and stands reading it at the door.*

Sold again and got the money ! (*goes to L., calling*) Here's the last dying speech——

*Enter JACK, suddenly L., who stares at the HAWKER.*

*Haw.* (*holding him one of the speeches*) Take one, sir ?

[RACHAEL screams—JACK fells the HAWKER to the ground with his bar, and runs into KNEEBONE'S house, dragging in RACHAEL—the door is closed—the HAWKER rises rubs his head, and cries out—

Murder ! murder ! There he is—I know him Jack Sheppard ! Escape ! escape !—murder ! murder !

[*Noises again heard louder as the HAWKER runs off R.*

SCENE VIII.—*Turnagain Lane repeated.*

(*The noises are kept up—BLUESKIN and his party, now joined by KETTLEBY and others run across*

*from R. to L., BLUESKIN and SLIMKID with their torches burning—A pause in the noises now.*

*Enter JACK, R., deadly pale, and without his iron bar.*

*Jack.* It's all up ! They unkenelled me from Wych street. I've darted from them, but now where can I run ? —I'm surrounded on every side. Yes, it's no use—it's all up with Jack. Very hard, though, after the bold tug I've had for it. I've lost my best friend, and now my heart seems breaking. I can do no more—they must come and take me. To-day will end my life—my short and wretched life ! For let guilt be as bold and as brave on the outside as it may, all is surely misery, bitter misery, within ! The poor London lads, will I hope, be warned by me, and my fate, for here is the end of sin !

*[He surveys his fettered legs, and falls in despair on the earth—Shouts again—JACK locks up.*

I thought I heard Wild's voice loud above the war of the populace ; or was it my fancy ?

*[Noises again—JACK rises again with a painful effort, and staggers off, F. E. L.—Mobs run across from R. to I*

SCENE IX.—[AND LAST] *The Old Bailey—Exterior of New gate and JONATHAN WILD'S house occupying all the stage—WILD'S house is fronted by an iron-railed yard—a step ascends to the street door, on which, engraved on a bright brass plate, is his name—JONATHAN WILD.*

*[Shouts heard and church bells tolling—the door of WILD'S house opens, and BLUESKIN and SLIMKID run out with burning torches in their hands, and disappear at the back immediately—A group of THIEVES, armed with bludgeons, run from the L. in their direction—A red light is seen to shine through the lower barred windows of WILD'S house.*

*Enter* LANGLEY, AUSTIN, and SHOTBOLT from Newgate, R.,  
who seeing WILD's house, exclaim—

Fire!—Wild's house is on fire!

*Shot.* Where is Mr. Wild?

*Ean.* He has not been seen for some days. Fire! fire!

[LANGLEY runs into the house, SHOTBOLT off at the back, followed by AUSTIN—Shouts continued—A file of the Grenadier Guards appear at the back charging BLUESKIN, Thieves, and Mob—the Mob retreat with BLUESKIN amongst them to L.—The fire in WILD's house gains ground—LANGLEY re-appears, leaving the door open, skewing plainly the flames—BLUESKIN and the Mob shout and wave their hats—The Guards file in front of Newgate—Turnkeys, &c., appear at the door in consternation—Cries of "Jack!—Jack Sheppard!" heard at the back—BLUESKIN and the Mob shout "Wild! Jonathan Wild!"—More of the Mob appear at the back—The Guards present their bayonets and wheel round to prevent the entrance of the second mob—JONATHAN WILD and MENDEZ, the Jew, are seen through the barred windows of the burning house—A roar of delight escapes from BLUESKIN and the Mob—WILD tears away the bars from the window at the first floor—he and the Jew hang out of it in helpless agony.

*Jon.* Help!—a thousand guineas for help!

[BLUESKIN and the Mob laugh loudly—A shout, and a shower of bricks and stones are rained upon JONATHAN and the Jew.

Villains! I am weak—imprisoned here for days!—Dog!

[He seizes the Jew—A yell from the Mob is again heard, and a loud uproar at the back—The Guards give way, and JACK SHEPPARD appears on the cu-



*today of six Turnkeys, followed by WOOD, THAMES, and WINNIFRED—Women and Children struggling at the back—WILD sees JACK.*

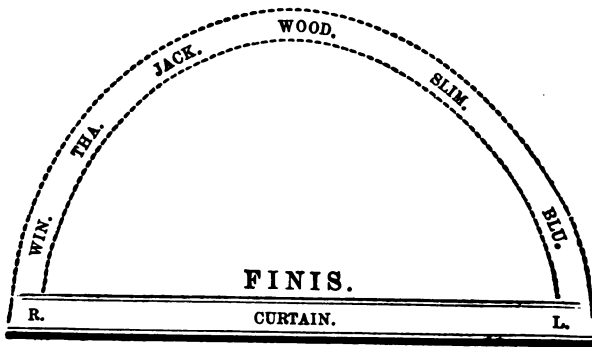
Ha ! I have kept my oath !—to Tyburn !

*[He points in the direction with a laugh of exultation—At that moment the interior of the house falls, and JONATHAN and the Jew are buried in the smouldering ruins.*

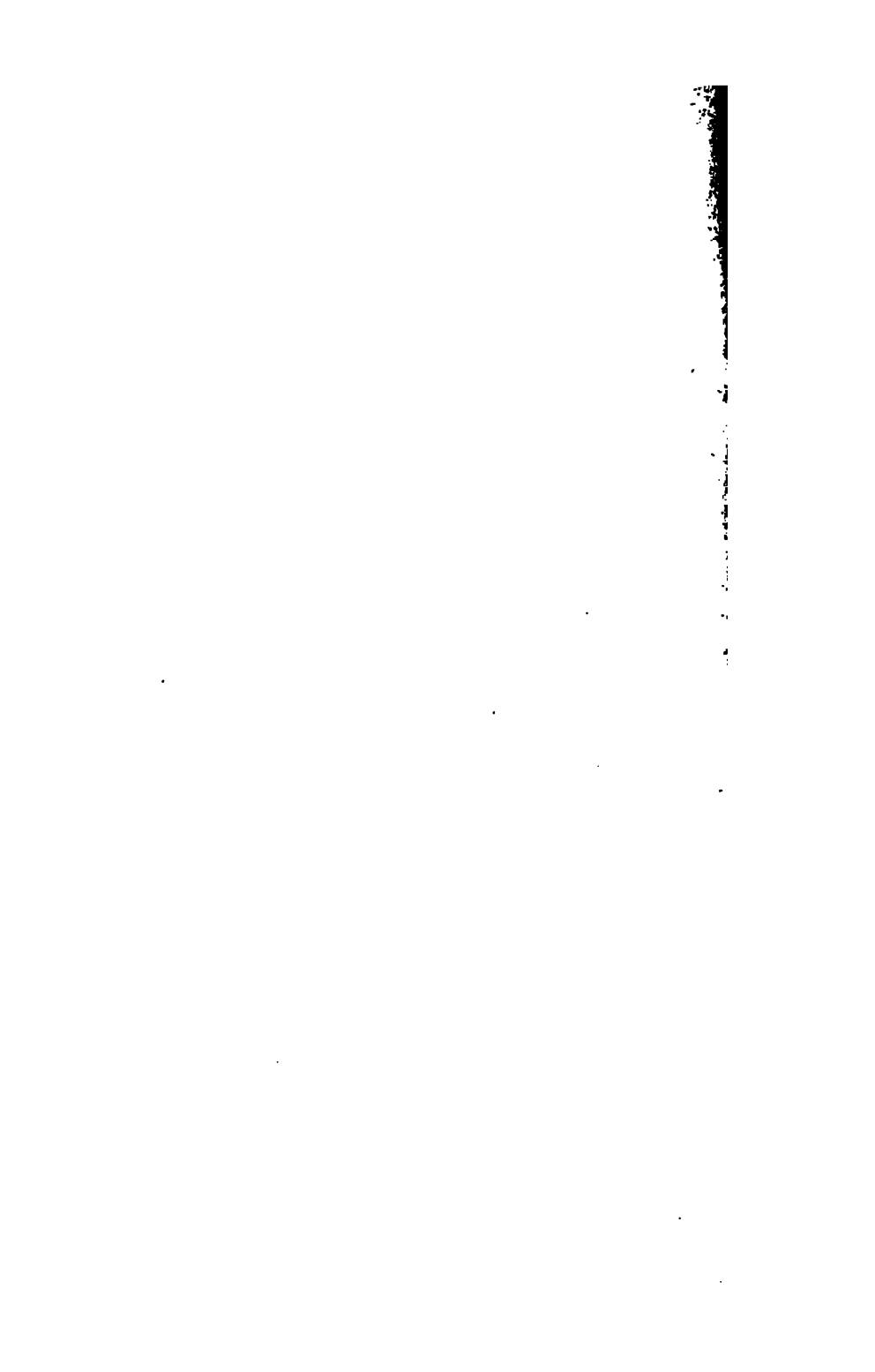
*[JACK is pinioned by the Turnkeys in front of the Guards, who line the stage, R.—He seizes WOOD's hand and kisses it—THAMES and WINNIFRED are locked in each other's arms in the centre of the stage, while BLUESKIN and the Mob huzza at the destruction of WILD's house, and the curtain falls.*

*Disposition of the Characters.*

	MOB.	
SOLDIERS.	SOLDIERS.	MOB.
TURNKEYS.		TURNKEYS.









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